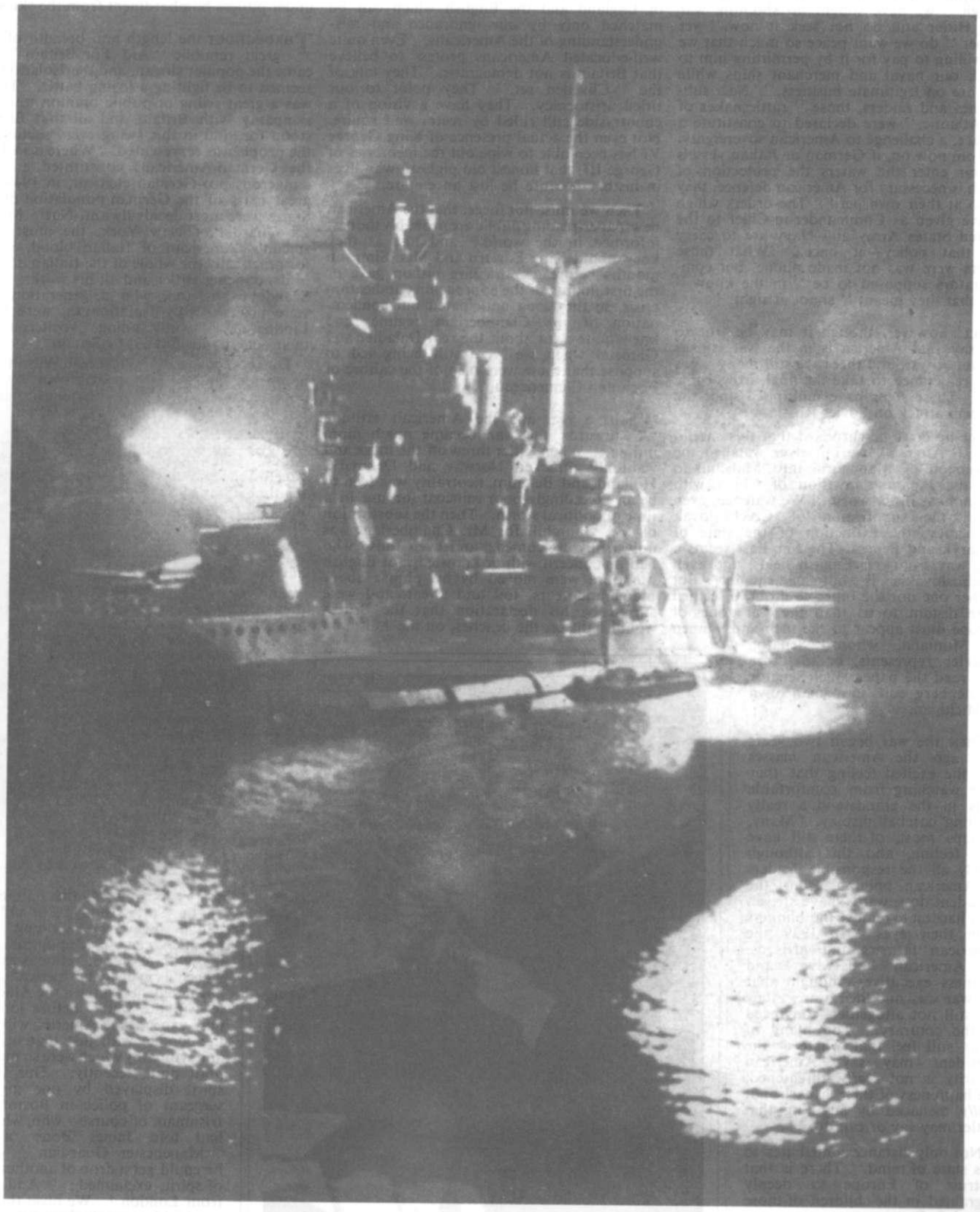
Vol 5 **The War Illustrated** No 107

FOURPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SEPT. 30TH, 1941



IN THE MEDITERRANEAN on a dark night: roar and flash, and the anti-aircraft guns, port and starboard, beat off an attack by enemy planes. The silence is torn to shreds, and sea and sky are illuminated with brilliant hostile flashes, momentarily revealing the superstructure of the ship, and making it possible to take this night action photograph, the first obtained under real war conditions.

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

NO. 108 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, OCT. 10

BUT EVEN NOW AMERICA IS NOT AT WAR

AMERICA took another big step towards war with the Axis Powers when President Roosevelt, in his broadcast on September 11, uttered the warning that though "we have sought no shooting war with Hitler and do not seek it now," yet neither "do we want peace so much that we are willing to pay for it by permitting him to attack our naval and merchant ships while they are on legitimate business." Nazi submarines and raiders, those "rattlesnakes of the Atlantic," were declared to constitute a menace, a challenge to American sovereignty. "From now on, if German or Italian vessels of war enter the waters the protection of which is necessary for American defence, they do so at their own peril. The orders which I have given as Commander-in-Chief to the United States Army and Navy are to carry out that policy—at once." What those orders were was not made public, but commentators supposed to be "in the know" said that they meant "shoot at sight."

STILL, however, though it may be true to say that America is *in* the war, she is not yet *at* war, and there are still many signs of a reluctance to take the final, irrevocable step. These signs have multiplied since the German attack on Soviet Russia.

Nor need we be surprised that this should be so. After all, we ourselves watched the conversion of Manchuria into Manchukuo and the Japanese invasion of China with equanimity, if not worse. We watched, even aided, the suppression of Czechoslovak democracy, the extinction of the state of Masaryk and Benes. The Far East seems a long way from our English fields, and even Czechoslovakia is out of earshot. But neither one nor the other could have seemed more distant to us than the war zones of Europe must appear to the men and women of Montana, whom Senator Wheeler represents, or to those who read the paper which Senator Vandenberg edits in a small town in Michigan.

WHEN the war began two years ago the American masses had the excited feeling that they were watching from comfortable seats in the grandstand a really thrilling baseball display. Many, perhaps most, of them still have that feeling, and this although nearly all the responsible leaders of American opinion, from the President downwards, have striven their hardest to remove the blinkers from their eyes. In 1939 the American farmers and artisans, the American housewives and business executives, thought that the war was not their war; they are still not altogether convinced to the contrary. Too many of them still feel that, whatever the President may say, American security is not *really* threatened, the happiness of their lives is not *really* menaced by anything that Hitler may say or can do.

Not only distance contributes to this state of mind. There is that distrust of Europe so deeply engrained in the children of those who left Europe generations ago because of religious persecution and political oppression—a distrust which was fostered by the disappointing results of the Great War, when President Wilson's plans for a new order of society were frustrated (so the Americans are told) by the cynical cunning of the Old World politicians. Then we must allow for that lack of knowledge and understanding of England and the English which can be matched only by our ignorance and misunderstanding of the Americans. Even quite well-educated Americans profess to believe that Britain is not democratic. They talk of the "Cliveden set." They point to our titled aristocracy. They have a vision of a countryside still ruled by rector and squire. Not even the actual presence of King George VI has been able to wipe out the memories of George III, that honest old pighead who lives in history because he lost an empire.

Then we must not forget that the American newspaper-reading public are probably the best informed in the world; and just as they knew about King Edward and Mrs. Simpson months before a Yorkshire bishop gave us the first inkling of the approaching abdication crisis, so they long anticipated our condemnation of the Chamberlain regime, and knew quite a lot about the real Daladier and Gamelin when we were still being led to suppose that these were men of the calibre of Foch and Clemenceau.

ABOUT a year ago the American attitude towards the war became much more intimate. When Hitler threw off the mask and wantonly attacked Norway and Denmark, Holland and Belgium, neutrality was seen to be an exceedingly poor raincoat for use in a time of political storm. Then the substitution of Mr. Churchill for Mr. Chamberlain was universally welcomed; and even those who had no concern with or knowledge of English literature were moved by his phrase about blood and tears, toil and sweat, and were stirred by his declaration that the British would fight on the beaches, on the hills and fields and in the streets. Their admiration went up and up when the news came through of Dunkirk, of the Battle of Britain, and the grit and grim humour of the populace under pitiless bombardment from the skies.

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of the great republic "Aid For Britain" became the popular slogan, and the Isolationists seemed to be fighting a losing battle. There was a great swing of public opinion towards sympathy with Britain and all that Britain stood for, and in this swing every section of the people was represented. Whereas in 1917 the German-Americans constituted a most dangerous pro-German element, in 1940 the great mass of the German population of the States were most decidedly anti-Nazi. Mayor La Guardia of New York, the most conspicuous American of Italian blood, spoke for practically the whole of the Italian section in denouncing Hitler and all his works. The Scandinavians, too, who a generation ago were pronouncedly Isolationists, were now, Lindbergh notwithstanding, vociferous in their demand for full aid to Britain.

During the last war President Wilson was hampered and finally overthrown by his political opponents of the Republican party; but in this war the Republican leader, Mr. Wendell Wilkie, rivals Mr. Roosevelt, the Democrat chief, in his advocacy of aid for the Allies. Even the Irish, who for so many generations have poisoned Anglo-American relations, have showed a tendency to leave to the history-books the England of red coats, of absentee landlords and an alien clergy, and to see instead an England which is a breakwater, protecting Eire from the storms that have ravaged the continent.

This was the state of mind that generally prevailed in America up to a few short months ago. That the Isolationists have been able to secure a better hearing of late weeks must be attributed to the confusion arising out of Russia's entry into the war. There is no country more anti-Communist than America, and the Americans are finding it just a little difficult to adjust their ideas so as to receive Joe Stalin and the Reds as their allies in a war for civilization and human freedom. They were ready to go all out for Britain; they are not so ready (so it would seem) to go all out in a war which, in their view, may well be won by Russia.

FRIEND OF BRITAIN. Here is William Allen White, 73-year-old editor of the "Emporia Gazette," way down in Kansas, who, as founder of the "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies," has made the U.S.A. aid-for-Britain-conscious.

IF that is, indeed, the opinion in the States today, it is unlikely that it will prevail very long. The President has no ideological affinities with Moscow, yet he is as convinced as ever that American aid is absolutely necessary if the Allies are to win the war. Before long we may expect that America will view the conflict with just that urgency and sympathy which were so marked until quite recently. This is the spirit displayed by one gigantic sergeant of police in Boston—an Irishman, of course—who, when he had told James Bone of the "Manchester Guardian" where he could get a drop of another kind of spirit, exclaimed: "And ye're from London! We niver thought you had it in ye. Ye're putting up a grand fight—that you are. We'll be over, yes, we'll be over. Good luck to ye!"

E. ROYSTON PIKE

In Capturing a U-Boat the Hudson Made History

EARLY one morning a Hudson of the R.A.F. Coastal Command took off and headed out over the Atlantic. Visibility was poor, frequent rainstorms swept across the sea. The water below was angry and rough, covered with white caps. The plane was "toddling along with George (the automatic pilot) doing most of the work," when suddenly there was a shout from the navigator's cabin in the nose of the aircraft. "There's one just in front of you!" shouted the navigator. The pilot gazed out and there, about 1,200 yards away on the port bow, was a U-boat. The pilot thrust the plane's nose down, and dived.

The navigator stood with his face pressed to the cockpit window, keeping the submarine in sight. "Let me know when it's time to drop, Jack," called the pilot quickly. The navigator nodded, and a few seconds later yelled "Now!" The rear-gunner, who had been winding in the aerial, popped his head into the astrodome in time to see a column of water shooting high into the air.

Then the pilot turned the Hudson steeply, and climbed. And as he watched the U-boat came surging up through a mass of foaming water. The navigator reached for his camera, and called to the rest of the crew: "Machine-gun them, let's machine-gun them!" The wireless operator dropped to the floor, and rapidly wound down the belly-gun. Then the aircraft dived across the U-boat, all guns blazing.

WHEN the Hudson dived the U-boat' conning-tower hatch opened, and about a dozen of the crew tumbled out and dropped on to the deck. The Hudson crew thought they were manning the guns, and so they kept their own guns firing hard. The red streaks of the tracers were peppering into the conning-tower, and kicking up little spurts of water all round the U-boat. This was too much for the Germans. Those who were already on the deck turned and ran back into the conning-tower, those who were coming up from below still tried to push outwards. For a few moments there was "an awful shambles" in the conning-tower. All the figures seemed to be capless, and were distinctly visible from above, in their bright yellow life-saving jackets.

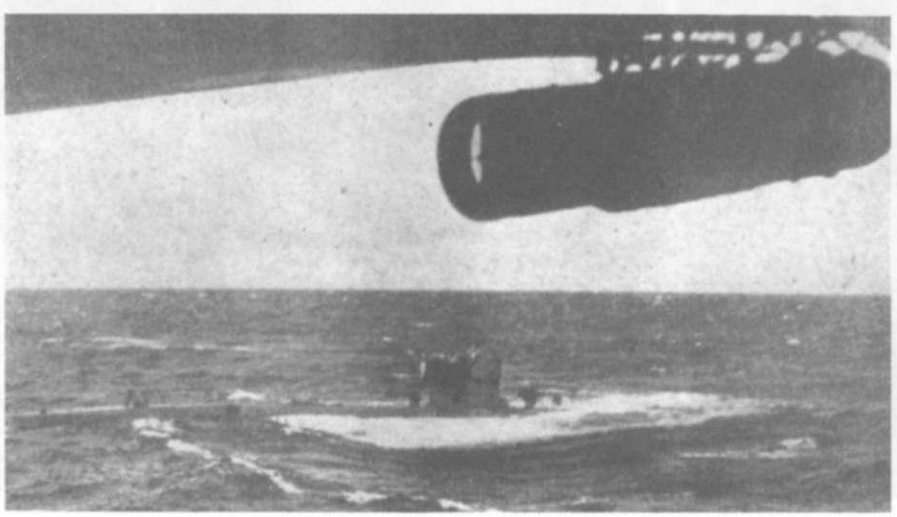
Four times the Hudson roared over the U-boat, guns streaming, banking steeply, while the rear-guns and the belly-gun kept up the fire. All the pilot remembers hearing was the navigator muttering, "I've lived all my life to see those baskets scrambling out of a conning-tower."

As the Hudson was coming round for the fifth attack the U-boat surrendered. One of its crew held a white shirt up from the conning-tower. The airmen ceased fire, but continued to circle with guns trained, watching suspiciously. The Germans followed them anxiously round with the shirt, and then held up some sort of white board. "They've shoved a white flag up," called the wireless operator triumphantly. By then the entire U-boat crew had crowded into the conning-tower, some thirty to forty of them. "And a very glum lot they looked," the pilot said afterwards.

The U-boat now lay stopped in the water, slightly down by the bows, with the waves breaking over her decks, and sometimes right over the conning-tower, drenching the crew. Her crew had surrendered, but—how were they to be taken into custody? Swiftly the navigator prepared a message for base, and the wireless operator's hand rattled up and down on the key. Meanwhile, the pilot was circling the U-boat, keeping his eyes glued to it. He did that for three and a half hours. All this while, too, as the navigator and wireless operator were working away at their signals, the rear-gunner kept his guns trained ceaselessly on the U-boat crew. The message reached base, and it was determined to bring that U-boat to shore. Never before had an under-water craft surrendered to a land aircraft. A Catalina was at once sent off to relieve the Hudson, and arrived in the early afternoon. When the Hudson crew saw the Catalina approaching they were afraid it might bomb and sink the U-boat. So they signalled anxiously to it: "Look after our, repeat OUR, submarine which has shown the white flag!"

"O.K.," signalled back the Catalina. Then the Hudson crew, satisfied, dived twice more over "their" U-boat to have a last look at it. One or two of the Germans waved mournfully to them. The pilot waved cheerfully back, and set course for home. Many hours later the U-boat was "run in" by British warships.

A Carley float from a British warship is seen approaching the U-boat to receive the surrender of the enemy submarine after it had been attacked and held captive by a Hudson aircraft as described in this page. Below, the U-boat photographed from one of the Catalina flying-boats which were sent to relieve the Hudson. *Photos, British Official*



CREW OF THE HUDSON which captured the U-boat. 1, the Captain, 32-year-old Squadron-Leader J. Thompson, from Hull. 2, Flying Officer W. J. O. Coleman, navigator, 28, hails from Berkhampstead. 3, Sergeant rear-gunner, aged 20, an agricultural student from Oxford. 4, Sergeant wireless-operator, 21, comes from Wimbledon.

Even London Can Learn From Moscow's A.R.P.

Soviet A.R.P. volunteers soon learned the trick of dealing with fire-bombs, and here are four in the attic of a Moscow apartment house extinguishing an incendiary. Beneath, in the circle, a member of the staff of Moscow University and leader of a first-aid squad. The organization to deal with the effects of aerial bombardment is remarkably thorough. The Government has enlisted every office, every factory and every household in A.R.P. work.

Beneath, on the left, a fire-fighting squad on duty at a convenient well, buckets of water, sandbags and shovels in readiness; while in the photograph on the right pupils of School No. 613 in Moscow take part in anti-gas drill. The Soviet capital has no delusions as to the ruthlessness of Hitler's intentions. A recent order commanded every individual house to be put in a state of "winter defence."

Photos, "Soviet War News"

This is how Russia Deals with German Bombs

Profiting largely by the experience of other countries, Russia has set up an elaborate A.R.P. system which includes many highly efficient methods. When British experts visited the Soviet capital recently they learned almost as much as they were able to teach, and London will doubtless adopt some of Moscow's technique.

MODERN Russia is not a country which leaves things to chance, optimistically hoping to "muddle through." Long ago she foresaw the dangers which threatened her, and silently made her plans. When the first German planes raided Moscow the city was ready to cope with the danger.

On July 7, 1941, the Commander of the Garrison of Moscow ordered compulsory enlistment of all persons of both sexes between the ages of 16 and 55 for house fire parties. Moreover, any fire-watcher absent from his post during an air-raid alarm is treated as a deserter. Disobedience to orders may entail a fine of 1,000 roubles or six months' imprisonment. But the Russians do not grumble; they know that the only way to meet "total war" is by "total war," and since property is vested in the community they realize that it is up to the community as a whole to protect it.

Colonel Guy Symonds, Fire Adviser to the Home Office, who recently spent seven weeks in Moscow as one of a British mission sent there to study and advise on fire defence and A.R.P. services in general, has had many interesting comments to make on the Russian A.R.P. system. Moscow's A.R.P. organization, he tells us, is based on the "house-manager" who is the janitor or concierge in charge of each block of flats. He is held responsible for the efficiency of the A.R.P. service in his particular block of flats, and the inhabitants take their orders from him. He it is who appoints the A.R.P. squads and superintends their training.

Although this compulsory fire-fighting service was not introduced until war had broken out, many fire-fighting teams were in existence long before the war, each with a house committee, women and boys playing their part with as much enthusiasm as the men. Civil Defence in Russia is under the direction of Osoaviakhim, the Society for Defence against Chemical and Aerial Warfare, a voluntary organization open to civilian men and women of all ages. Each block of flats has an A.R.P. committee and wardens all working under Osoaviakhim. In this organization training and equipment are standardized so that should a member move to another district he can at once take his place in the local branch, and these branches may be found even in the remotest villages.

Every factory in the big cities has its own self-contained fire-fighting service in addition to the city's regular fire-brigades, and equipment everywhere is up to date. Colonel Symonds, who watched nineteen raids on Moscow, paid tribute to the Moscow Fire Brigade, which, he said, was very strong in personnel and training, uncommonly quick, and with some very interesting appliances.

Colonel Symonds found, too, that Moscow's civilian fire-watchers dealt swiftly and effectively with incendiary bombs. They endeavour, he said, "to handle it while it is still a bomb, before it becomes a mass of molten metal, lifting it with tongs or a gloved hand and plunging it into a cask of water." Sand is found on every landing, on every staircase and even on window-sills.

Against the menace of high explosives good shelters have been constructed in the basements and cellars of tenements by shoring them up stoutly with pit-props and wooden ceilings, a job at which the Russian peasant is past-master. There are also vast numbers of trenches, revetted with wooden stays, and, of course, Moscow's "Metro," the deep middle sections of which provide complete protection. (A photograph of one of Moscow's underground stations and a description of a night spent amid shelterers in the Moscow tube appear in page 118, while in page 69 Mr. A. T. Cholerton gives a vivid account of Moscow's first air raid.)

One of the most remarkable features of the Russian campaign has been the success of the anti-aircraft defences in the night raids on Moscow. Very few of the large numbers of Nazi bombers sent to raid the capital have managed to penetrate the defences, and the losses suffered by the Luftwaffe were very heavy. The Russian Observation Corps is a very efficient body, and it is impossible for enemy planes to approach within twenty-five minutes' flight of Moscow without their presence being known in the capital. Equally efficient are the Soviet A.A. gunners. Moscow is said to be equipped with new American-invented detectors based on the use of high-frequency wireless waves which permit the aiming of guns directly at an unseen plane. These detectors also make it possible for the numbers of enemy aircraft to be located with precision, even in darkness or fog, at a distance of 50 to 60 miles, thus allowing time for the raiders to be intercepted by fighters and for the A.A. defences to get fully ready.

Russian A.R.P. poster indicating how to dispose of an incendiary which has fallen into the roof. "Take up the fire bombs boldly and throw them on to the pavement," says the notice. On the right another poster shows how to safeguard the home by means of fire alertness. There are fire-watchers in the attic, the bath on the top floor is filled with water, sand and buckets stand outside each flat door and an A.R.P. liaison officer at the entrance to the building.
Photos, British Official

Caucasus: Land of the Oil that Hitler Must Have

We may be sure that one of Hitler's prime objectives in invading Russia was to secure the Caucasus, the richest oil-producing region in the Old World. But although his armies have made great progress they have still some hundreds of miles to go before they glimpse the snow-capped peaks of the mountains that tower above the derricks of Baku.

RUSSIAN oil production is the second largest in the world—it ranks next to that of the U.S.A., though a long way after—and 90 per cent of Russia's oil comes from the Caucasus, using the word in a broad sense to include the whole of that extreme corner of south-eastern Europe which lies between the Black Sea and the Caspian. Modern war cannot be waged without oil—millions of tons of it; and it is not "wishful thinking" to believe that Hitler is getting anxious about his oil supplies. Small wonder, then, that he has sent his armies clattering in the direction of the Caucasus.

But the Caucasus has more than oil to tempt the greedy Fuehrer. It is a land of immense natural riches above ground as well as below. Its mountains (several of whose summits are higher than the highest Alps, and which present as a whole a variety of the most beautiful and romantic scenery) contain in their bowels manganese and iron, coal and nickel, copper, lead, zinc and asbestos.

Vast deposits of these and other minerals have already been discovered and are being worked, while others are being constantly sought for by the Soviet geologists. The mountain heights are covered with thick forests, the basis of a great and ever-growing timber industry. The soil in the lowlands is exceedingly fertile, and the climate is all that can be wished: the Black Sea coast well deserves the title of the Soviet California. In this sub-tropical region, indeed, three or four harvests a year are not unusual. Here are grown peaches, pears, oranges and lemons; here there are tobacco plantations and tea gardens, and valleys filled with roses which are picked in January and from whose petals is distilled the most fragrant attar.

The silk industry of the Caucasus is already one of the largest in the world, though only yesterday it was in the handicraft stage. The wool of the Caucasus sheep is famous. There is even a natural rubber plant; and large areas are given up to cotton and to rice, the seed for which is dropped from aeroplanes.

IN TIFLIS, capital of the Georgian and Transcaucasian republics, these Soviet peasants are about to buy a drink at a soda fountain. *Photo, Paul Popper*

But oil constitutes the region's chief wealth. Some 75 per cent of the total Russian annual output of 30,000,000 tons of oil is obtained from the wells at Baku on the Caspian, and another 15 per cent comes from the oilfields at Grozny and Maikop on the northern side of the Caucasus mountains.

With a population exceeding 800,000, Baku ranks fifth among the cities of the Soviet Union; part of it is old with traces of Arab and Persian occupation, but for the most part it is a new creation, an industrial metropolis with numerous factories and, of course, huge petroleum refineries. It is the capital of the Azerbaijan Socialist Soviet Republic, one of the chief constituents of the Soviet Union.

From Baku the oil pipe-line runs across the Caucasus to Batum—or, rather, two pipe-lines, one for crude petroleum and the other for petrol. Batum, too, is an ancient city, with a cathedral, churches and mosques set in a frame of pleasant parks and gardens, bright with flowers and shady with palms. But oil is its very life blood; indeed, the city smells of oil. It was the oil traffic that called it into being, and it is the oil traffic that maintains and increases its prosperity. Not so long ago it was just an old-fashioned little harbour; now it is a model city and one of the most important of the Black Sea ports. It is the capital of the Adzhar autonomous S.S.R., which forms part of the Georgian S.S.R. The capital of Georgia is Tiflis (pop. 520,000), which is also the capital of the whole region of Transcaucasia. With its more than a hundred factories and large works, Tiflis is a highly important industrial centre, but it is also a spa, thanks to its warm sulphur springs; while its universities, polytechnics, teachers' institutes and other educational establishments constitute it a cultural centre. Not far away is the little village of Gora where Stalin was born in 1879.

In the Soviet Riviera

North of the Caucasus mountains lie a little group of autonomous republics, all included in the R.S.F.S.R., or Russia proper. Through them runs another rich belt of oil-bearing strata, and there is an oil pipe-line from Makhach Kala, on the Caspian, through Grozny and Ardavir, to Tuapse on the Black Sea. A branch line links Ardavir with Rostov on the Don, whence the oil is distributed to Western Russia.

Like Batum, Tuapse has many large oil refineries. To the south is Sochi, one of the most favoured spots on the Soviet Riviera, with many sanatoriums and rest homes for the Russian workers; the whole coast, indeed, is dotted with health resorts.

Very interesting is the picture of the Caucasus given in a recent article in the "New Statesman." We are shown a land in which vast new areas for cultivation have been created by irrigation. "From the air, when flying from Erivan to Tiflis," says the writer, "I could see the effects of irrigation very clearly. On the dry, yellow-brown earth below were many patches and lines of green, interlaced with channels of water, where crops were growing, and these were spreading rapidly, year by year, like a green rash."

THE CAUCASUS area of the U.S.S.R., between the Black and Caspian Seas, and bordering on Turkey and Iran. It is now a vital strategic link between Britain and Russia.

Around Batum, dangerous swamps have been drained and are now covered with groves of citrus fruits, while along the hillsides one may drive for miles through endless tea plantations where a few years before had been only a tangle of sub-tropical forest.

Fostering Local Culture

Whereas in Tsarist days it seemed to be Moscow's aim to keep the 45 different nationalities of the Caucasus fighting each other for their existence, today they cooperate for the common good. Each of the nationalities has autonomy, and even the smaller divisions have a very large measure of self-government. Collectivization has been introduced slowly and carefully; example rather than compulsion has been the rule among the strongly individualistic people. Education has been fostered. Every village has its own school. There is no attempt at Russification; on the contrary, the native languages and centres are fostered, and Armenians, for instance, learn Russian as their first foreign language. The "New Statesman" correspondent drove over the Georgian Military Highway, which runs from the North Caucasus to Tiflis across the mountains. Within living memory caravans and travellers were constantly beset with robbers and bandits drawn from the neighbouring villages. Today travellers pass over it in perfect safety.

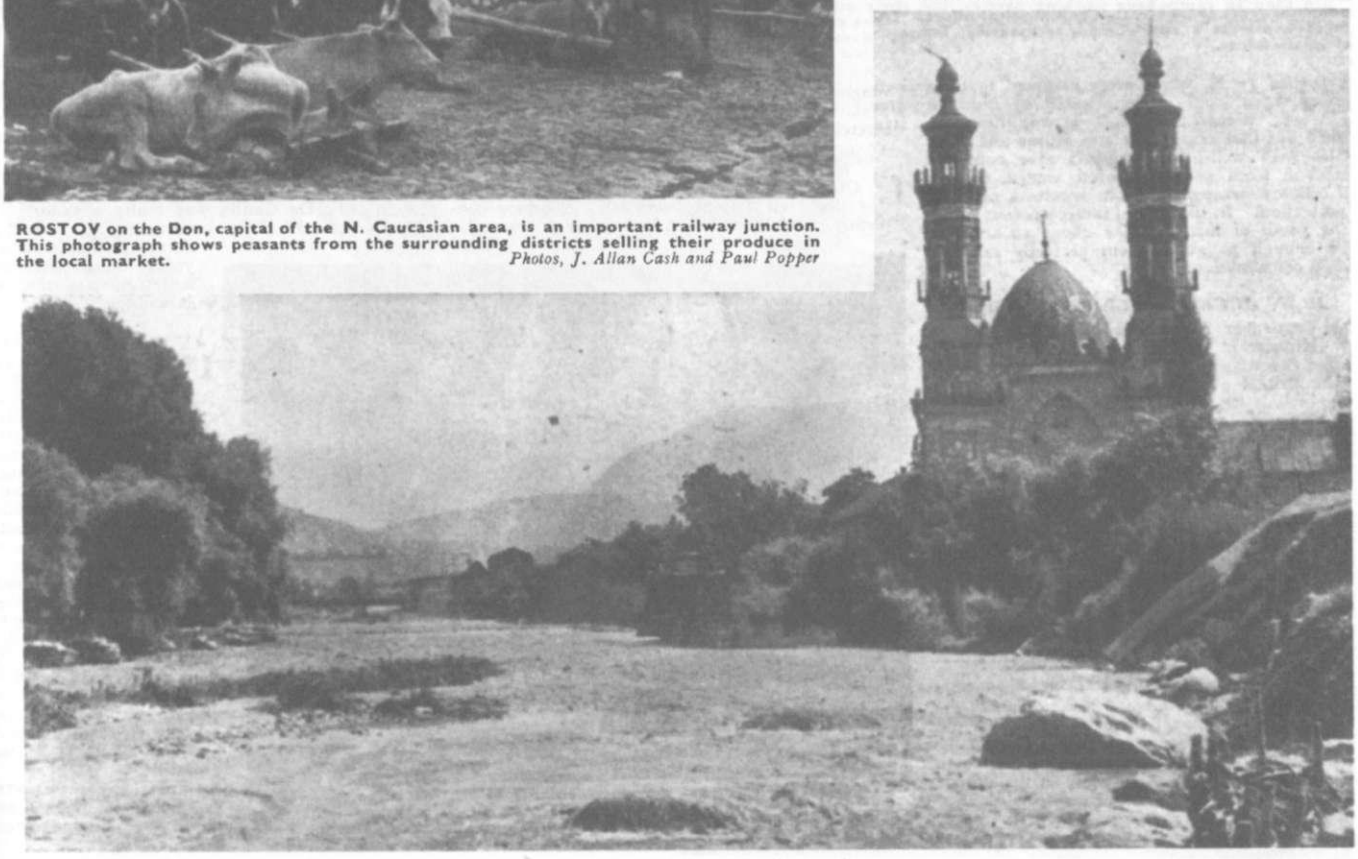
If report speaks true, Hitler is expecting to find amongst the peoples of the Caucasus a considerable element of Fifth Columnists, and until recently German agents in Iran were doing their best to enlist the support of Caucasian refugees. But, to quote again: "Hitler stands about as much chance of creating revolt in the Caucasus as the old White Russians of Paris do in Moscow itself." Why, he was told, even the Jews are happy in the Caucasus.

In the Wonderland 'twixt Black Sea and Caspian

BATUM, the waterfront of which is seen above, stands on the S.E. coast of the Black Sea and is linked with Baku, 600 miles east, by the Trans-Caucasian railway. As the palms suggest, its climate is sub-tropical.

THE DARIEL PASS, five miles long, is in the Terek valley, midway between the Black Sea and the Caspian. It is the chief pass through the mighty Caucasus range and carries the far-famed Georgian Military Highway across the mountains. This great road runs from Tiflis to Ordjonikidze, seen below with its old church in the Byzantine style.

ROSTOV on the Don, capital of the N. Caucasian area, is an important railway junction. This photograph shows peasants from the surrounding districts selling their produce in the local market. *Photos, J. Allan Cash and Paul Popper*



Our Searchlight on the War

FOOD LAUNDRY

BRITAIN'S first "food laundry" has been established in Hornsey. It is a building for the decontamination of food affected by war gases, and was organized by local food traders. At a demonstration given to Sir Ernest Gowers, London Regional Commissioner, a number of foodstuffs, including meat, sugar, rice, potatoes, haricot beans, split peas, and a variety of tinned and bottled goods, which were assumed to have been salvaged from stores affected by mustard gas, were "decontaminated." It was, however, pointed out that sealed tins and drums and glass bottles with well-fitting stoppers give complete protection from gas, and even waxed cartons and cellulose wrappings afford a certain measure of protection. In the case of non-persistent gases, airing goods of this kind for about 48 hours is often enough to make them perfectly safe for human consumption.

A CAMOUFLAGE NET, many of which are being made by twenty-five women volunteers in South London. Such nets are used to camouflage working parties, and their making demands great concentration and physical effort. The volunteers comprise a charwoman, secretaries, housewives and shop-assistants. *Photo, Planet News*

IRAN ACCEPTS ALLIED TERMS

ON September 9 Sir Reader Bullard, British Minister in Teheran, was informed that the Iranian government accepted the terms put forward by the British and Soviet governments. These terms include the closing of the German, Italian, Hungarian and Rumanian Legations and the handing over to the British and Russians of German subjects. They also provide for the withdrawal of Iranian troops to the south of a line running from a point south of Lake Urmia through Kazvin, Semnan, east of Teheran, and Shahi. Iranian troops are also to be withdrawn east and north of a line running from Khanikin, Kermanshah, Khorrambad, Dizful, Masid-i-Sulaiman and Haft Khel to Bandar Dilam on the Persian Gulf. On Sept. 16 the Shah abdicated, and on the next day British and Russian troops reached Teheran.

TO FREEDOM IN A CANOE

TWO young Dutch Army officers recently escaped from Holland and crossed the North Sea in a canoe. They set out from the mainland with an outboard motor, but when about a mile from shore the engine failed. Unable to put it quickly to rights, and aware of the danger of delay, they jettisoned it and hoisted sail. For four days they struggled along in their frail craft, and were within twenty miles of the English coast when they were sighted and picked up by a British destroyer. Now safe with their comrades, they are ready to take an active part in the liberation of their country from Nazi slavery.

GERMANS SENT TO SIBERIA

TO circumvent possible fifth-column activities, Stalin has ordered the transfer to Siberia of the entire German population of the Volga area. A decree, of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., states: "There are thousands and tens of thousands of diversionists and spies among the German population in the Volga region who are prepared to cause explosions in these regions at a signal from Germany . . . In order to forestall serious bloodshed it has been found necessary to resettle the entire German population of the Volga region in other regions on condition that those resettled in this way are allotted land and given State aid to establish themselves in the new regions. The resettled Germans will be given land in the Novosibirsk and Omsk districts, the Altai region, and the Kazakhstan Republic, and neighbouring localities where the land is rich and fertile."

A population of 600,000 is affected by the order. Two-thirds of them are of German stock, their ancestors having emigrated at the request of Catherine the Great in the 18th century. The Volga German region is on the borders of European Russia, about 470 miles south-east of Moscow, and is one of the autonomous Socialist Soviet Republics contained in the R.S.F.S.R.

U.S. AIR CHIEF IN CAIRO

MAJOR-GENERAL BRETT, Chief of the U.S.A. Army Air Corps and a member of the U.S.A. War Supply Mission to Moscow, recently visited Cairo, having flown to Egypt in a Liberator bomber. His primary task, he stated, was to look into the maintenance and supply of air-equipment and all problems connected with keeping planes in active service once they had been delivered. His schedule will be one of considerable magnitude, since the Middle East is a vital supply area for the tremendous fighting front which stretches from Spitzbergen to Tobruk.

NEW CIVIL DEFENCE BADGES

LOCAL A.R.P. services will in future be known as Civil Defence services. A device consisting of the letters "C.D." under a crown, in gold, with the name of the town or county underneath if desired by local authorities, will replace the present letters A R P on new uniforms. The new badge will not, however, be worn on greatcoats. There will also be a shoulder title for each service—"Warden," "Ambulance," etc.—and a system of rank badges will be introduced for junior supervisory officers and also for certain senior officers. The badges of rank will be in the form of thick and thin bars, 2½ ins. long, for senior officers, and chevrons will be worn by junior officers. No special uniform has been authorized for senior officers, but they will be allowed to wear the neck of the uniform open, provided they wear a light blue or grey shirt and collar and a plain dark blue tie. This ruling applies to both sexes, but shirts are not part of the uniform.

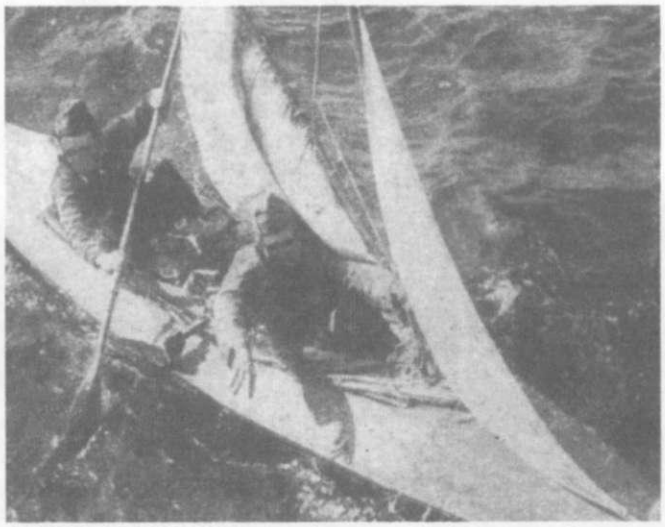
NEW CIVIL DEFENCE uniform for a District Warden. Stripes are worn on the shoulder, and the letters C D under a crown with the name of the district concerned replace the original A R P. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

FRENCHMEN SWIM TO JOIN DE GAULLE

THE 11,996-ton Vichy liner Providence was one of three ships sent to Beirut to repatriate Vichy troops from Syria. A 19-year-old Parisian youth, who wanted to join the Free French, signed on before the liner left Toulon. When the liner dropped anchor off Beirut he wriggled through a porthole and swam ashore. On reaching dry land his surprise was great to find that over a hundred other members of the crew had done the same. Next day Senegalese Vichy troops were posted on the liner to prevent further escapes. The entire crew of the Providence had been picked from a special camp of Vichy sailors near Toulon, but it turned out that not one of the 120 men who joined forces with De Gaulle was really a sailor. In consequence the Vichy government has issued a decree providing for 20 years' imprisonment for non-seamen posing as sailors.

INDIA'S EFFORT

INDIA'S factories are producing an ever-growing stream of war material. Since the war the country has exported more than 150,000,000 rounds of S.A. ammunition and 600,000 rounds for guns, besides meeting its own needs. Yearly production of guns is five times greater than pre-war output, and of completed shells, 24 times. India is turning out rifles, machine-guns, ammunition, artillery and shells, tractors, bodies and plating for armoured vehicles, web equipment, boots, blankets and uniforms. India's fighting forces have expanded to 500,000 men, excluding those sent overseas.



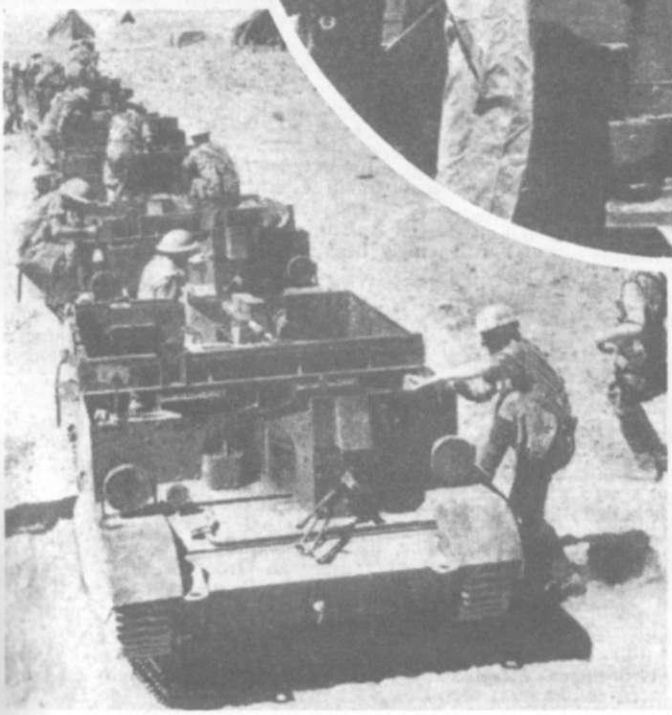
BY PADDLE AND SAIL across the stormy North Sea came these two Dutch army officers determined to escape to Britain and fight for Holland. Their motor failed, but eventually (as told in this page) they were picked up by a British destroyer. *Photo, Keystone*

Cyprus Is Resolved Not to Be Another Crete

A Bren-gun carrier in its garage on the island of Cyprus. Top right, men of the Royal Artillery reading the Cyprus Post. In the circle, a gun-crew busy cleaning one of the large guns. It was announced from Cairo on September 5 that Gen. Sir Claude Auchinleck, C.-in-C. Middle East, had just made a comprehensive inspection in Palestine, Syria and Cyprus. Since the evacuation o Crete the Cyprus defences have been heavily reinforced. Many new aerodromes have been built.

Beneath, on the left, men of a light infantry regiment boarding Bren-gun carriers in the course of a training exercise. On the right, light infantry on the march in the warm Mediterranean sunshine. Cyprus is now a kind of Gibraltar at the other end of the Mediterranean. The lesson and example of Crete have been learned, and Cyprus, which is only 55 miles from the Turkish coast and 127 from Beirut, in Syria, is an essential bulwark to our Middle East position.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright



From Leningrad to Odessa the Battle Raged

On July 13 the German News Agency proclaimed that Leningrad was immediately threatened, that Kiev was about to be occupied, and that the road to Moscow lay open to the German armies. Two months later neither Leningrad nor Kiev had fallen, still less Moscow ; but, all the same, the Nazis had bitten deeply into the Russian defences, and the Soviet situation was critical.

As the September days passed, Marshal Ritter von Leeb's troops drew ever nearer to Leningrad, second city of the Soviet Union. In German circles it was suggested that the city was about to be stormed, but Von Leeb knew better. Not only had the Luftwaffe not won command of the air, but he realized full well the immense strength of the city's defences and the fanatical spirit of its well-armed and numerous defenders. Moreover, Leningrad was reported to contain vast stocks of food and war material, which would be of immense value to the conquerors if they could be secured intact, while for the same reason it was desirable that the city's many factories and armament works should be preserved from destruction.

Leningrad was indeed a hard nut for the Nazi war machine to crack. Before the war it was claimed that the city, with its great chain of surrounding fortresses and its garrison of 800,000 men, was the strongest point in the Russian front. Now its garrison was immensely strengthened, and strong forces of tanks and the most modern planes had been accumulated to help in its defence.

THE EAST FRONT, showing the situation up to September 11, with the names of opposing German and Soviet generals.
Courtesy of the "Daily Mail"

The sea approaches were guarded by the great naval fortress of Kronstadt, on an island in Leningrad Bay, and by thickly-sown minefields and powerful anti-aircraft and heavy gun batteries mounted on the shore. Even if the Russians were driven from their outer defences, they swore that they would defend the city street by street, block by block. Leningrad has more canals than Venice ; across its centre runs the Neva, over half a mile wide and spanned by a mere handful of bridges, all of which could be easily blown up by the retreating Russians.

In a special communiqué issued by their High Command on September 8, the Germans claimed that their mobile divisions had reached the river Neva, east of Leningrad, on a broad front. "German troops have also stormed the town of Schluesselburg, on Lake Ladoga. The German and Finnish ring round Leningrad has thus been closed, and Leningrad is cut off from all communications by land." But this claim was premature. It was true that the Nazis had cut the main railway line to Moscow, but a secondary line through Vologda remained open, and reinforcements and supplies were poured into the city.

All the same, the German pressure on Leningrad was tremendous and sustained. Given terrific support from dive-bombers, artillery barrages and flame-throwers, the Nazi infantry were flung against the Russian guns without any regard for casualties. Special "storm blasters" with demolition charges tackled the Russian casemates and machine-gun posts. The forests and marshes around Leningrad were covered with Nazi dead, and everywhere were shattered fuselages of swastika-marked planes.

Russian Victory at Yelnya

To relieve the pressure on Marshal Voroshilov's army in Leningrad, Marshal Timoshenko delivered a formidable counter-attack in the Yelnya (Velyna) sector. The push was made by his right-wing forces under the command of Major-General Rakovski. Yelnya lies some 45 miles south-east of Smolensk, and the town represented the limit of the Nazi push after taking the ancient cathedral city. That was in July, and since then they had not advanced a step.

On August 12 the Russians struck back, and the fighting developed into what "Pravda's" correspondent called "a mincing-machine for the German regiments." After 26 days of fierce struggle, reported Moscow on September 9, "the fighting for Yelnya ended in the routing of an enemy S.S. division, the 15th Infantry Division, the 17th Motorized Division, the 10th Tank Division, the 137th Austrian Division, and the 178th, 292nd, and 268th Infantry Divisions. The remnants of the enemy's divisions are hastily retreating in a westerly direction. Our troops occupied Yelnya."

Within a few days Rakovski had retaken 50 villages, and his advance units were reported to be within 14 miles of Smolensk. At the same time Timoshenko's left wing, under General Koniev, which halted Von Bock's thrust north of Kiev three weeks before, delivered another successful counter-attack in the direction of Gomel, to the north-east of Kiev.

But now Von Bock again assumed the offensive, striking with his right wing south-east from Gomel, thus threatening to take Kiev in the rear and to outflank Marshal Budenny's hastily prepared defences on the right bank of the Dnieper. The gravity of the situation was revealed in a communiqué from Moscow on September 12, which stated that after stubborn fighting the Russian troops had been obliged to evacuate the town of Chernigov, on the Desna, some 85 miles north-east of Kiev. Then two days later came the further news of the Soviet forces' withdrawal from Kremenchug, on the east bank of the Dnieper, south-east of Kiev. Thus the German thrust was developing on both sides of the Ukrainian capital. Kremenchug is one of the few bridgeheads on the Dnieper, and with its fall Budenny's position on the farther bank was made much more difficult, even dangerous, as the river formed the last great natural barrier between the Nazis and the vitally important industrial area of the Donetz basin.

NAZI PRISONERS, some of the thousands captured by the Russians, enjoying a smoke after their arrival at a Red Army base.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Meanwhile, Odessa, far to the south, blazed defiance. "During the last ten days," reported the Russian High Command on September 9, "the Rumanian troops on the approaches to Odessa have lost 20,000 officers and men. The battlefield is strewn with the corpses of Rumanian soldiers. A Rumanian Guard division, and the 11th, 21st, and 1st Frontier Guard divisions of the Rumanian Army have suffered exceedingly heavy losses."

Odessa Roars Defiance

"For a whole month this heroic city has been beating off the savage Fascist attack," broadcast Kolybanov, secretary of the Odessa Communist Party, on September 8, "but the enemy will never take our city. Our motto is not one backward step. Blood for blood, death for death ; victory will be ours." From Kiev, too, came the defiant cry, "Our city was and will remain the Russian capital of the province of the Ukraine, despite all the enemy's efforts to storm it." And, to complete the trio, Leningrad radio answered Von Leeb's dramatic Order of the Day to his armies battering in the rain across a shell-torn countryside: "Leningrad must be captured at any cost within the next few days," with Voroshilov's exhortation to the Leningrad garrison and people: "Fight like lions ! Death for death ! Blood for blood !"

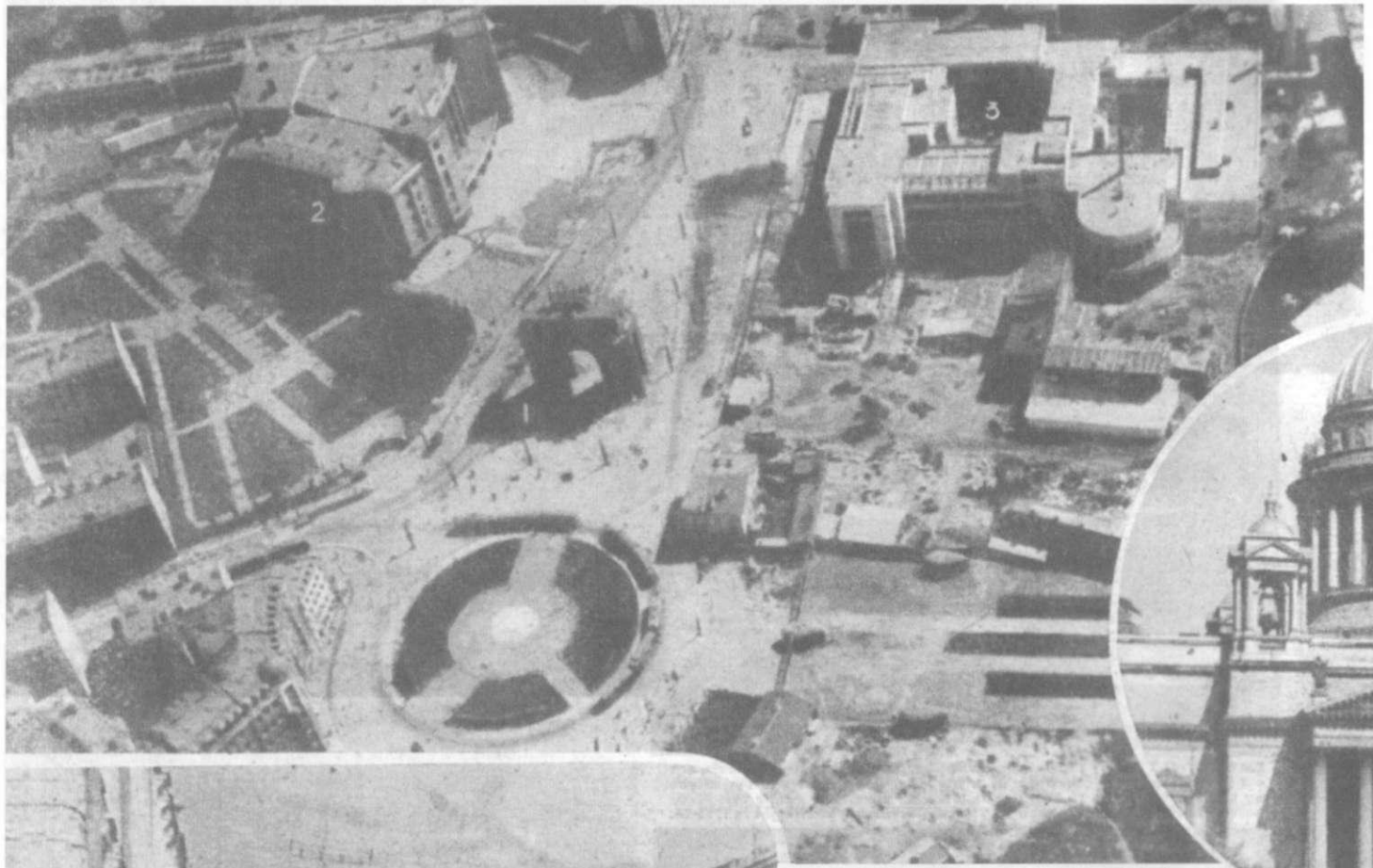
Victory Turns to Ashes in the Nazis' Path

CROSSING THE STYR in inflated rubber boats, a party of Nazis are silhouetted against the light of a burning wooden bridge set alight by the Soviet troops to hinder the German advance. Along this river battles between the Russians and Austro-Germans were fought in 1915-16.

NAZIS IN A HOLE, the blitzkrieg having failed. Faced with solid resistance, the Nazi infantry have been forced to adopt old-time tactics and creep from hole to hole in the "scorched earth." Left, Marshal Timoshenko, commanding the Red Armies in the central sector, visits a strong point. On his right is his Chief of Staff, Gen. Zhukov

Photos, "News Chronicle," Pictorial Press, Associated Press

'Now, City of Peter, Stand Thou Fast, Foursquare Like Russia': Leni



Above left, the Narvski district of Leningrad seen from the air. (1) the Narva triumphal arch; (2) the Narvski House of Culture; (3) the district Kitchen-Factory. Circle, St. Isaac's Cathedral.

A general view of Leningrad. Foreground Admiralty building facing the Garden of Toilers, with the Winter Palace to the right the river Neva flowing in the background

War in the Arctic: The Spitzbergen Raid

Far to the north of Norway, on the very edge of Europe's frozen north, lies the archipelago of Spitzbergen. But distant as it is from the main stream of human life, it is not too far removed to escape the flood of war. Below we tell the story of the raid, news of which was given to the world on September 9, 1941.

SPITZBERGEN, or Svalbard as the Norwegians call it, is an archipelago lying within 500 miles of the North Pole, some 360 miles north of Norway, and 1,300 miles from Britain. It is one of the world's most inhospitable lands. For four months of the year it sees perpetual daylight; for eight months it is plunged in perpetual darkness. Not a tree grows there, hardly a bush. For the most part its soil is icebound, its coasts are swept by gales and dangerous seas.

Yet even in winter, when Spitzbergen is covered with a thick mantle of snow, the white tracks crossing the wilderness are sooty with coal dust, since here are some of the richest coal deposits in the world. The development of the island's coal resources dates from 1905, when an American, whose name is perpetuated in Longyear City, began to exploit them. Twenty years later the archipelago was officially annexed by Norway. Until recently there were six mining settlements inhabited all the year round by Norwegians and Russians, the former being in the neighbourhood of Longyear City, while the Russians were at Barentsberg, 25 miles away. Last winter between 700 and 800 Norwegians, miners and their families, were living in the Longyear settlement, while the Russian mines employed about 2,300. In 1938 the export of coal was 606,000 tons.

Until Russia entered the war, life in Spitzbergen went on much as usual, in spite of the occupation of Norway by the Nazis. A small German military delegation, consisting of three officers or mining experts, paid it a visit, but after an inspection of the mines they soon departed. Possibly the existence of the Russian mining concession contributed to the German hesitation about occupying the place. In due course reports arrived in this country from Germany to the effect that the Germans in the course of preparing their campaign against the Soviet Union were laying their hands on the coal which was being sent from Spitzbergen, as well as on the coal stocks in Norway itself. The fuel was needed for the Nazi transports operating along the Norwegian coast. In the light of this information, the Allies decided to send an expedition to Spitzbergen, with a view to destroying its usefulness to the enemy. This expedition was made up of Canadian, British, and Norwegian troops under Canadian command, and the landing was made without any interference, probably because the Nazis were unable to spare the necessary naval force to oppose it.

The Canadians, supported by a formidable flotilla of Royal Navy warships, Fleet Air Arm planes and detachments of British and Norwegian troops, were the first to land. Speedily they manned the guns and constructed defence positions on the island; but there was not a single air raid, nor indeed any indication that the Germans were aware of the invasion. After more unopposed landings at various parts of the coast, the Canadians lived with the Norwegians and Russians in the settlements, receiving everywhere the most hospitable treatment.

CANADIAN commander of a signals detachment and two N.C.O.s take over a radio station after the occupation of Spitzbergen. The raid was carried out by Canadian, British and Norwegian troops, the whole force being under the command of a Canadian officer.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

SPITZBERGEN, the Norwegian archipelago in the Arctic Ocean, where the Allied soldiers landed as described in this article. The total area of the Spitzbergen islands is 24,294 square miles, and they are rich in coal deposits. *Courtesy of "News Chronicle"*

"I left an English camp with the troops recently," said a Canadian correspondent, the only newspaper man with the Canadian forces, on his return to Britain, "being told that we were going on Army exercises somewhere in Britain. Only a few senior officers knew that it was anything more than this. First we went to a special coastal training area, where the units were instructed in invasion tactics and beach assaults as a prelude to the expedition. Then this special operational force was chosen, but still we did not know where we were heading or what the assignment was. The flotilla sailed and wild rumours and speculations floated around the ship. Guesses about our destination ranged from the coast of Norway to Biscay, but nobody picked Spitzbergen.

"Warships shielded the troopships and the seagoing arsenal of anti-aircraft guns was manned by Canadians every hour of the voyage. The round-the-clock daylight in the Arctic increased the need for keen naval vigilance. One day out from Spitzbergen the commander gave his officers their operational orders.

"It was not known whether there were Germans on the island, so plans were prepared for opposed and unopposed landings. Warm clothing was issued all round—leather jerkins, sheep-skin coats, woollen underwear, gloves, and socks. The men looked like Arctic explorers as they stood their watches by their guns.

"The flotilla reached Spitzbergen about 6 a.m., after a destroyer and aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm had reconnoitred ahead to determine that there were no Germans there and that the Allied landing would probably be unopposed. At sea a lieutenant and some signalmen had transferred to a destroyer, and they made the first landing to take over a wireless station which communicated with the Germans in Norway.

"Loaded into small boats, with Bren guns in the bows, the Canadians were ready for a fight, but Norwegians rushed out of their shacks to greet them warmly and helped them to occupy the wireless station. The next party ashore took over another wireless station.

"After these initial sorties the commander and interpreters went ashore for an official landing at a Russian town. The commander was first ashore, climbing to the dock aided by Russian miners. Officials of the town met him there. There was no sign of animosity. As the troops climbed up the stairs to the centre of the community miners touched their hats and grinned.

"In the communal centre the Russian Commissar ceremoniously greeted every Canadian, and a British officer passed around long Russian cigarettes. Negotiations were rapidly carried out."

By this time 200 men had been put ashore and were drawn up in the town square. Despite language difficulties, the Russians and Canadians were soon fraternizing, and the miners loaded the troops with Russian cigarettes, candy, and souvenirs of one kind or another. While destroyers, trawlers, Russian lighters and motor boats brought the Canadians, ammunition, explosives and supplies ashore, another destroyer hustled the Norwegian detachment and a Canadian landing party to the Norwegian settlement of Svalbard, down the fjord. Here a Norwegian major, representing King Haakon's Government in London, landed with his troops, marched down the main street, and after a parley with the civilian Governor, read a proclamation informing the people of what was being done. The Canadians got on well with the Norwegians, as with the Russians, and officers and men were billeted in private houses as well as in community buildings. Then in view of the approach of the Norwegian winter, it was decided to evacuate the island, but not before the coal, so vital to the German war machine in Norway, had been destroyed.

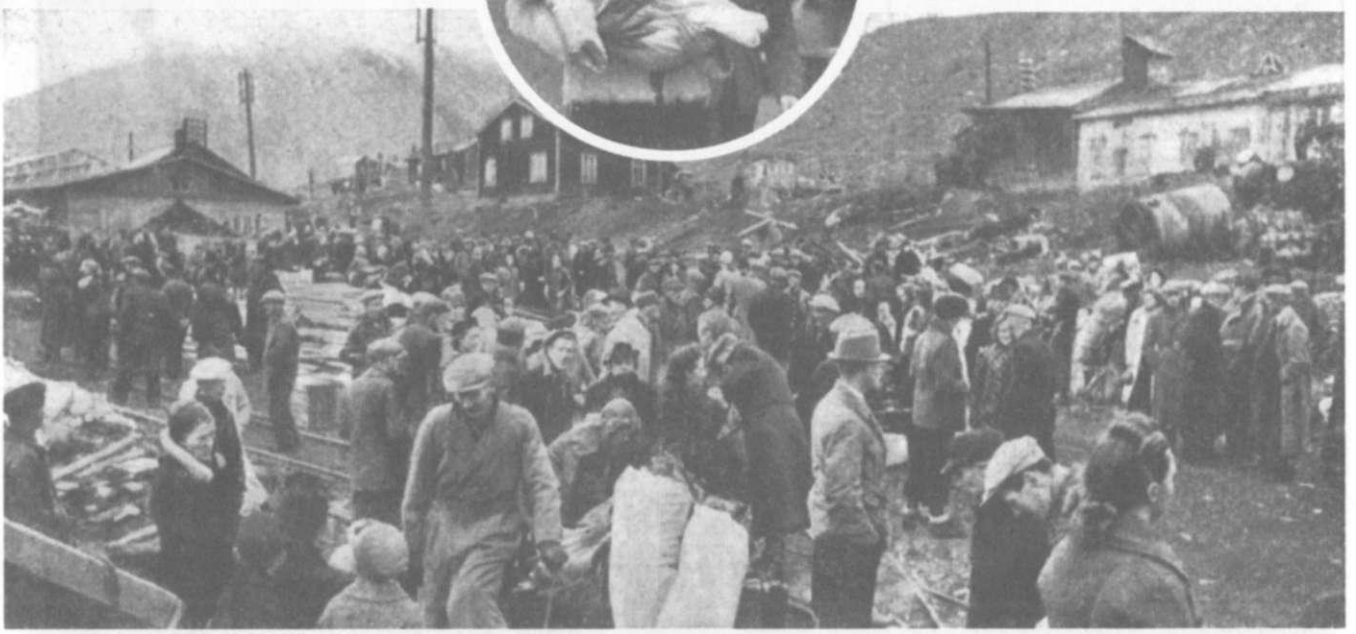
The young folk, at least, among the Norwegians seemed glad to leave Spitzbergen. They held farewell parties, and on the eve of their departure there was a last-night dance, when Norwegian girls danced with Canadian, Norwegian, and British soldiers to the music of Norway's folk songs and tunes. Then in the morning the evacuees, loaded with their personal belongings, went to the ships. At midnight the flotilla set sail for Britain and, after an uneventful journey, safely arrived. The Russians were similarly evacuated.

Britain Checkmates the Nazi in the Far North

CANADIAN TROOPS about to leave a Norwegian settlement on Spitzbergen to make another landing farther down the fjord. A British warship awaits them at the jetty.

SAFELY ARRIVED in the transport after their 1,500-mile expedition, a landing force of Canadian troops disembarking for the shore unopposed.

At Barentsberg, on one of the islands, a power house is burnt out. An exciting incident was when engineers fired a large dump of coal.



SPITZBERGEN NORWEGIANS, with their baggage, waiting to board ship for Britain. The islanders welcomed the Allied troops with patriotic enthusiasm, and were reconciled to leaving their homes. Many expert miners, with other Norwegian men and women, will now be able to play their part in the liberation of Norway from Nazi tyranny. In the circle a Norwegian mother expresses her delight at being safe in England.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Wide World

Our Diary of the War

SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1941 *735th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that submarines in Mediterranean had sunk strongly escorted 11,000-ton Italian liner Esperia and 4,000-ton ship of Ramb class.

Air.—Fortress aircraft attacked shipping at Oslo. Night raid on rubber factory at Huls, Rhineland. Coastal Command attacked harbour at Bergso Island, Norway.

Russian Front.—Struggle for Leningrad continued. Farther south fierce fighting along line of R. Lovat, north of Kholm, and on southern flank of Smolensk salient.

All attacks on Odessa being repulsed.

Africa.—On night of 5-6 R.A.F. sank merchantman at Tripoli, and bombed Derna, Martuba, Bardia and aerodrome at El Adem.

Mediterranean.—Germans made night raid on Suez Canal area.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 7 *736th day*

Air.—Day attack on shipping off Dutch coast; supply ship set on fire, escort vessel blown up.

Very heavy night raid on Berlin. Shipyards at Kiel and docks at Boulogne bombed.

Russian Front.—Continuous fighting along whole front. Successful Russian counter-attacks in Kexholm and Gomel areas.

Finns having resumed offensive, forces driving southward from N.E. of Lake Ladoga arrived at R. Svir.

Africa.—Night bombing raids on Benghazi, Barce, Berka and landing-grounds in Libya.

Mediterranean.—On night of 6-7 Fleet Air Arm attacked convoy, hitting two ships out of three. Three Sicilian aerodromes raided.

MONDAY, SEPT. 8 *737th day*

Sea.—Announced that U-boat, having surrendered to Hudson aircraft in Atlantic, was later boarded by naval party and towed in.

Announced that forces of British, Canadian and Norwegian troops had recently landed on Spitzbergen and taken measures to deprive enemy of use of coalmines.

Enemy convoy of two supply ships attacked at night by naval patrols in Channel. Both ships torpedoed, accompanying E-boat probably sunk, and armed trawler set on fire.

Air.—Flak ship destroyed off Ostend by Spitfire. Night raid on Kassel. Objectives at Munster and elsewhere in Germany, and docks at Cherbourg, also attacked.

Russian Front.—Battle for Leningrad continued with violence. Germans announced that mobile units had reached R. Neva and captured Schlüsselburg, 25 miles east of city.

U.S.A.—Announced that U.S. steamer Steel Seafarer had been bombed and sunk in Red Sea on Sept. 5.

Home.—One night raider destroyed.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 9 *738th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that light naval forces have been operating against German convoys supplying troops on Murmansk front. Enemy destroyer, armed trawler and another vessel sunk.

Light cruiser Bremse, damaged on July 30 off Kirkenes, now reported sunk.

Announced that large Italian schooner had been sunk by British submarine in central Mediterranean.

Russian Front.—Leningrad bombed day and night. Soviet forces in central zone have recaptured Elnya and advanced beyond it. Fifty villages said to have been retaken.

Africa.—R.A.F. raided landing-grounds at Tmimi, Martuba, Derna and Gazala.

R.A.F. heavily bombed Corinth Canal on night of 8-9, making many direct hits. Heraklion aerodrome, Crete, also attacked.

Other forces bombed Palermo harbour and aerodromes at Catania and Gerbini.

Iran.—Announced that Iranian Govt. had accepted British and Soviet terms.

U.S.A.—Washington announced that Panamanian ship Sessa, operated by New York firm, was torpedoed without warning and sunk by U-boat off Iceland on Aug. 17.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10 *739th day*

Sea.—Announced that Italian tanker Maya had been sunk by British submarine in Aegean Sea.

Russian Front.—Enemy still held outside Leningrad. Russians maintaining heavy pressure at several points in German centre.

Africa.—Fleet Air Arm bombed aerodromes at Gambut and Menastir on night of 9-10.

Mediterranean.—Heavy R.A.F. bombers made night raid on Turin. On night of 9-10 aerodrome at Castelvetrano was bombed and Messina heavily raided.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 11 *740th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. auxiliary Tonbridge.

Enemy bombers made night attack on convoy in North Sea. One shot down. One small freighter damaged but safe.

Air.—Fighter Command made offensive sweeps over Northern France and Low Countries. Night attacks on Kiel and Rostock. Docks at Le Havre and Boulogne also bombed. Coastal Command bombed docks at Haugesund, aerodrome near Stavanger, and enemy shipping.

Russian Front.—In Karelian sector Russian forces reported to have recaptured important strategic positions. Renewed fighting near Murmansk. In central sector Russian counter-offensives continued.

Africa.—During night of 10-11 R.A.F. raided Benghazi, Martuba, Gambut and Derna. Benghazi heavily bombed on 11-12.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. sank one of two escorted merchantmen in Ionian Sea.

U.S.A.—President Roosevelt broadcast warning to Axis ships against entering American waters.

U.S. cargo steamer Montana torpedoed and sunk in Icelandic waters.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 12 *741st day*

Air.—Enemy convoy attacked off Dutch coast; one ship set on fire. Naval aircraft attacked shipping in Bodo area of Norwegian coast and military targets in vicinity. One supply ship sunk, others damaged.

Night attacks on Frankfurt and elsewhere in Rhineland, Cherbourg and St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Continued Russian counter-attacks outside Leningrad, in central sector and on Lower Dnieper. First snow fell in Leningrad area.

Africa.—S.A.A.F. bombed landing-grounds at Gambut and Gazala. At night Fleet Air Arm raided Bardia and Gambut.

Mediterranean.—Fleet Air Arm and R.A.F. made night and day attacks on convoy bound for Tripoli. Every ship hit.

On 11-12 R.A.F. attacked ships and dry dock at Palermo; Fleet Air Arm bombed factory at Licata and railway at Ragusa.

Home.—Two night raiders destroyed.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 13 *742nd day*

Air.—R.A.F. set on fire German supply ship off Borkum. Heavy night raid on docks at Brest. Other aircraft bombed Le Havre.

Russian Front.—Kiev threatened by encirclement as result of fall of Chernigov, 80 miles to N.E. Soviet communiqué recorded continuance of stubborn fighting along whole front. Great air battles in Leningrad area.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. bombed Cretan aerodromes during night of 12-13, and Fleet Air Arm those at Gerbini and Catania, Sicily.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 14 *743rd day*

Russian Front.—Germans claimed to have pierced outer fortifications of Leningrad. Russians attacking in Schlüsselburg area.

Germans reported to have gained strong bridgehead at Kremenchug, east of Dnieper.

Africa.—Cairo announced deep penetration from Tobruk into enemy's lines, and successful raids by patrols.

R.A.F. fighters attacked large concentration of aircraft at Gambut; eight left in flames and others damaged.

During night of 13-14 heavy bombers raided Tripoli, Benghazi and Barce.

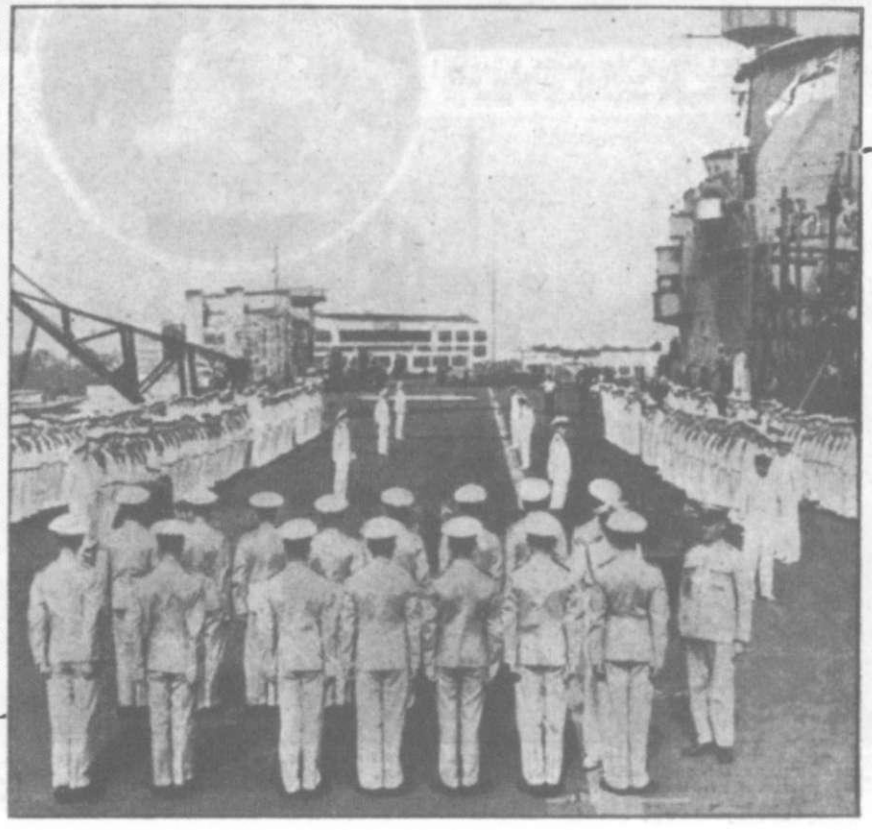
MONDAY, SEPT. 15 *744th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sank enemy ship in convoy off Friesian Islands, attacked shipping at Haugesund, and shot down Junkers off Norfolk coast.

Heavy night raid on Hamburg. Other targets were Bremen, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven and Le Havre.

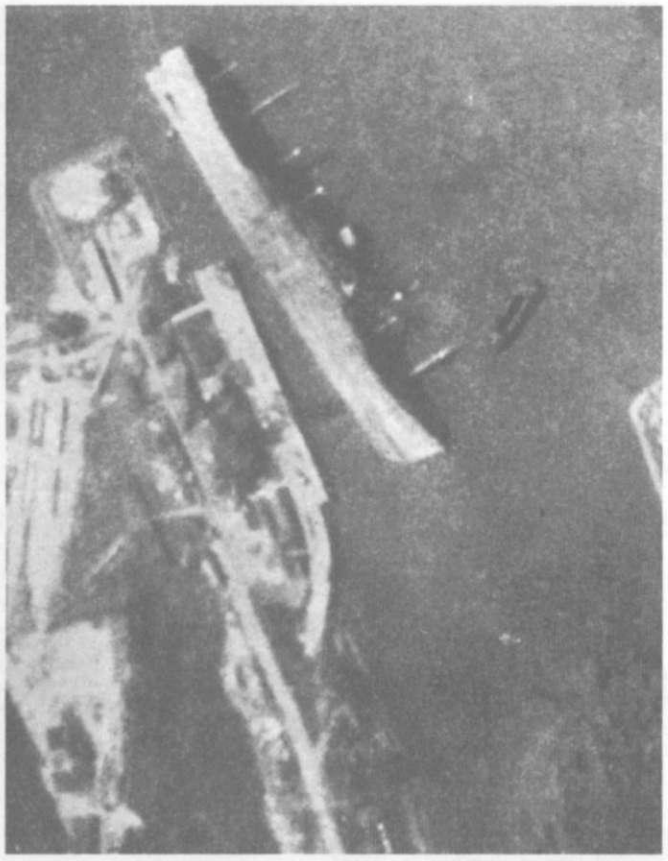
Russian Front.—Germans claimed to have reached suburbs of Leningrad. Moscow announced that four enemy transports and a destroyer were sunk on Sept. 13 when Germans attempted to land on Oesel Is.

Two-day attack on Odessa repulsed.



ON BOARD H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS as Lord Louis Mountbatten, the great aircraft carrier's new commander, takes over. Her late commander, Capt. Denis Boyd, was recently promoted Rear-Admiral. *Photo, Keystone*

When the R.A.F. Bombed Nazi Ships in Holland



On the left, Blenheim bomber making an attack from mast-high on a cargo-liner of the Noordam type in Rotterdam docks on August 28, 1941. Two bombs have fallen astern, but a direct hit has been scored with the third, proved by the photographic record above, showing the liner lying on her side. Beneath, an enemy vessel which had her stern blown off when Blenheims swept the Dutch coast on Aug. 18. *Photos, British Official.*

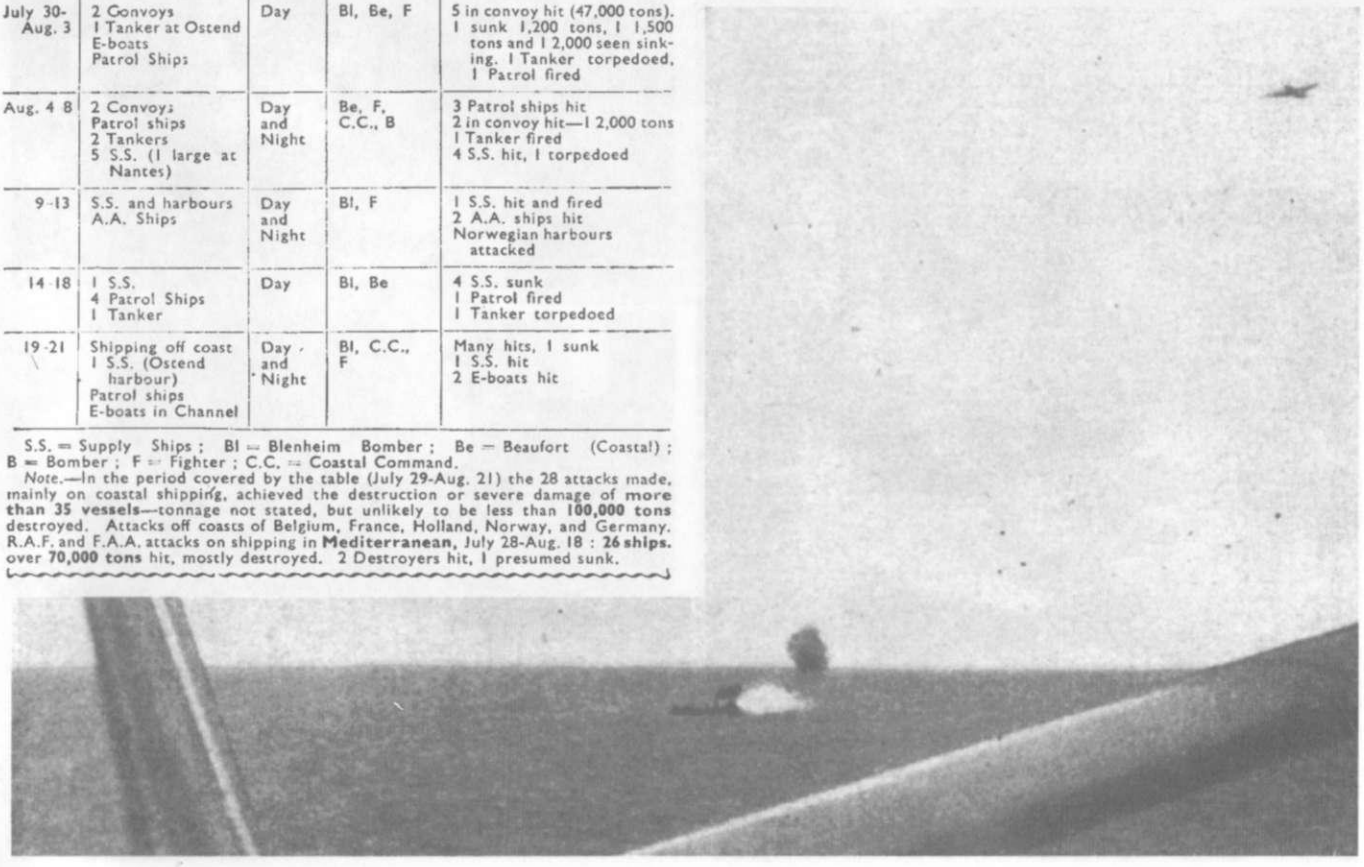
OUR AIR WAR ON ENEMY SHIPPING

(Continued from page 28, Vol. 5.)

Date	Targets	Time	Aircraft	Results
July 30-Aug. 3	2 Convoys 1 Tanker at Ostend E-boats Patrol Ships	Day	Bl, Be, F	5 in convoy hit (47,000 tons). 1 sunk 1,200 tons, 1 1,500 tons and 1 2,000 seen sinking. 1 Tanker torpedoed, 1 Patrol fired
Aug. 4-8	2 Convoys Patrol ships 2 Tankers 5 S.S. (1 large at Nantes)	Day and Night	Be, F, C.C., B	3 Patrol ships hit 2 in convoy hit—1 2,000 tons 1 Tanker fired 4 S.S. hit, 1 torpedoed
9-13	S.S. and harbours A.A. Ships	Day and Night	Bl, F	1 S.S. hit and fired 2 A.A. ships hit Norwegian harbours attacked
14-18	1 S.S. 4 Patrol Ships 1 Tanker	Day	Bl, Be	4 S.S. sunk 1 Patrol fired 1 Tanker torpedoed
19-21	Shipping off coast 1 S.S. (Ostend harbour) Patrol ships E-boats in Channel	Day and Night	Bl, C.C., F	Many hits, 1 sunk 1 S.S. hit 2 E-boats hit

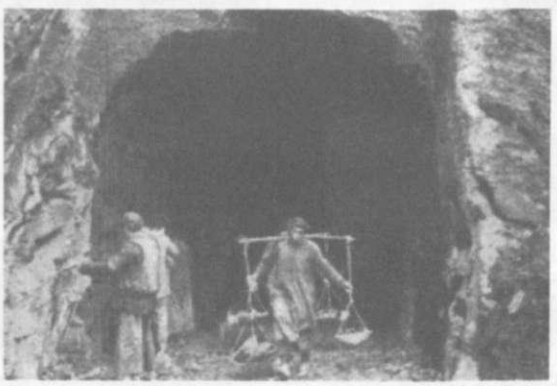
S.S. = Supply Ships; Bl = Blenheim Bomber; Be = Beaufort (Coastal); B = Bomber; F = Fighter; C.C. = Coastal Command.

Note.—In the period covered by the table (July 29-Aug. 21) the 28 attacks made, mainly on coastal shipping, achieved the destruction or severe damage of **more than 35 vessels**—tonnage not stated, but unlikely to be less than **100,000 tons** destroyed. Attacks off coasts of Belgium, France, Holland, Norway, and Germany. R.A.F. and F.A.A. attacks on shipping in **Mediterranean**, July 28-Aug. 18: **26 ships.** over **70,000 tons** hit, mostly destroyed. 2 Destroyers hit, 1 presumed sunk.



After Four Years of War China is Undaunted

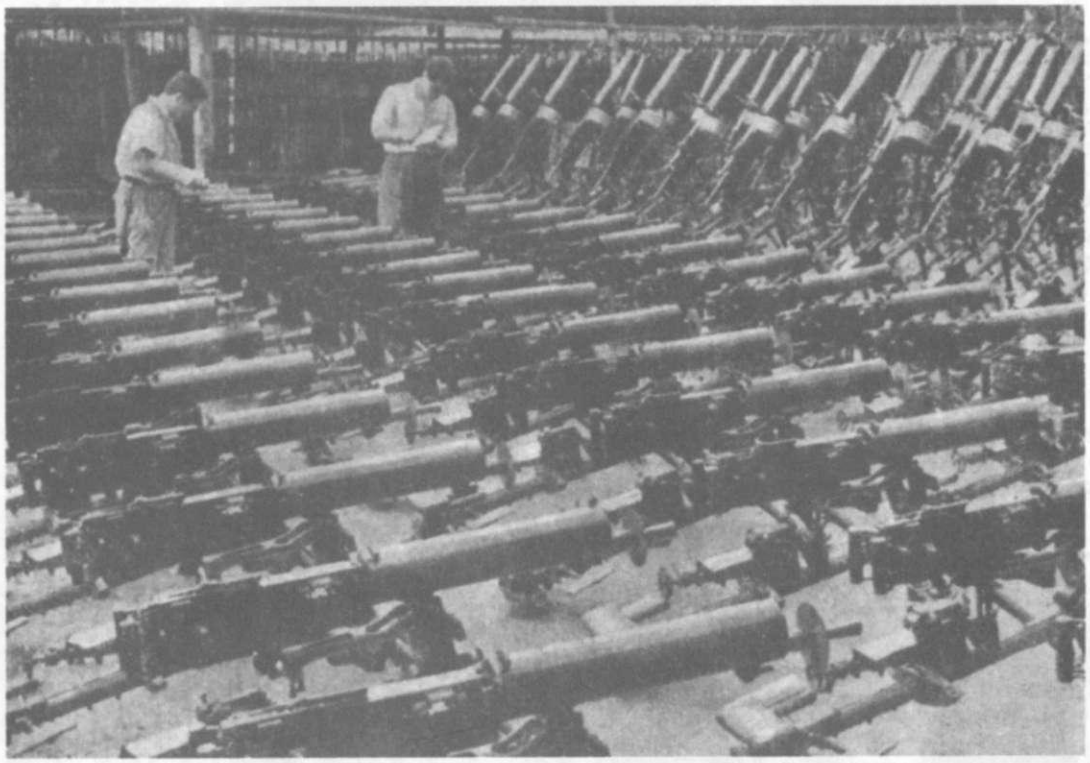
IN CHUNGKING, the most bombed city in the world, a Chinese anti-aircraft battery goes into action as a squadron of Japanese bombers is sighted.



Mme. CHIANG KAI-SHEK, wife of the famous Generalissimo, is a most inspiring personality behind China's will to victory and freedom; above, we see "Madame," as she is generally called, attending to the needs of air-raid victims. In the centre photograph, Chinese labourers turning a Chungking cave into an air-raid shelter.

HWEI SEN BRIDGE, in the prosperous business section of Chungking, China's wartime capital; the photograph was taken before it was bombed. Centre right, Hwei Sen Bridge as it appeared after one of the heaviest air bombardments. Right, another part of the same thoroughfare.

Still a Buttress for the Freedom Front in Asia



CHINESE MACHINE-GUNS, home-manufactured stocks, being checked by arsenal technicians (left). China can now supply from her own factories a high percentage of her needs in rifles, machine-guns and light artillery.

Below, a Chinese squadron-leader gives final instructions to his men before they set off on an operational flight. The Chinese air force, which at the beginning of the war with Japan in 1937 was almost nil, is now expanding rapidly with outside help.

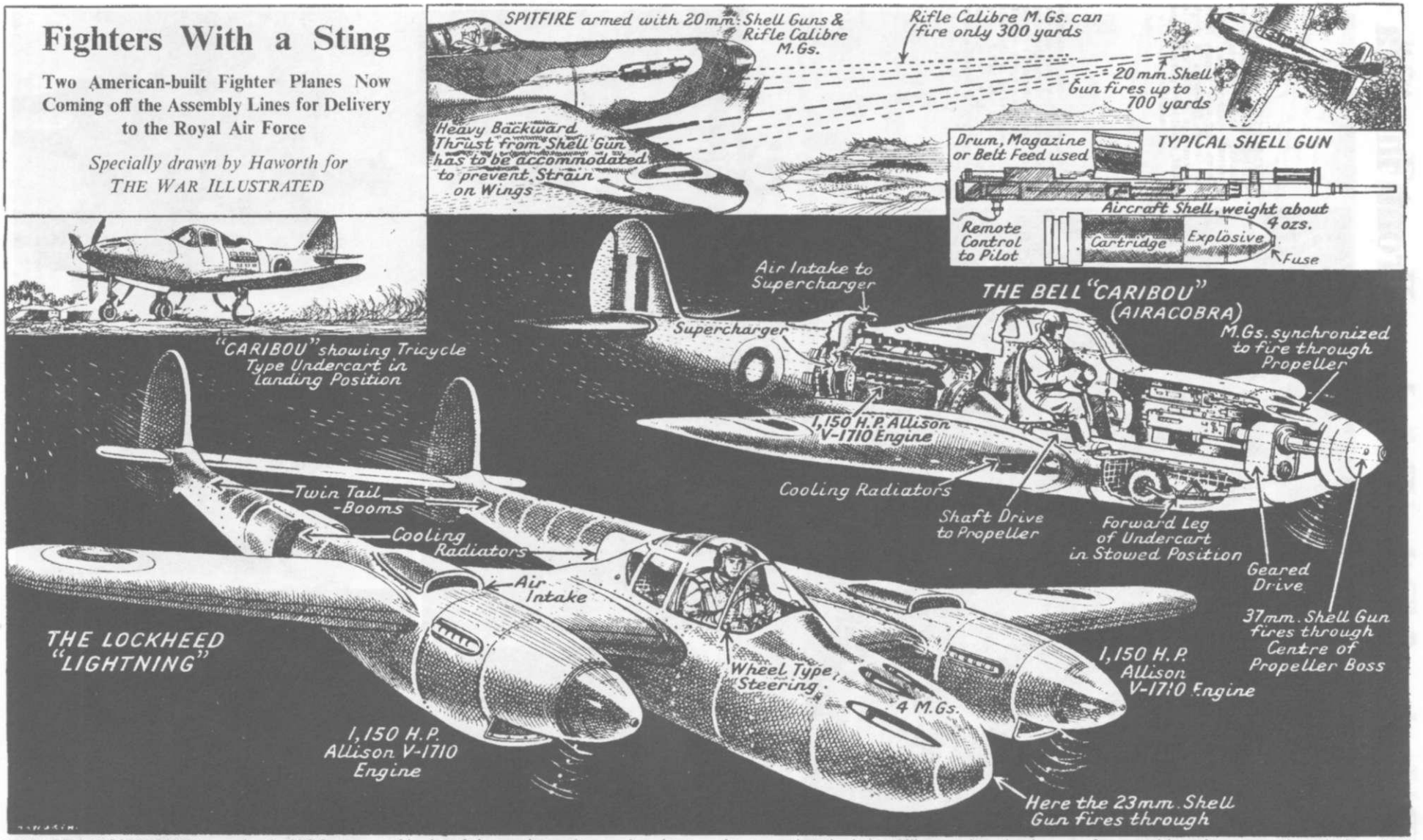
CHINESE TANK CREW ready to take the offensive. Heavy equipment of this kind still has to be imported by the Chinese. Right, General Chiang Kai-shek, who is President of the Central Military Academy, arrives for inspection on graduation day.

Photos, Courtesy of "China Fights Back," Chungking

Fighters With a Sting

Two American-built Fighter Planes Now Coming off the Assembly Lines for Delivery to the Royal Air Force

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED


SPITFIRE armed with 20 mm. Shell Guns & Rifle Calibre M.Gs.
Rifle Calibre M.Gs. can fire only 300 yards
20 mm. Shell Gun fires up to 700 yards
Heavy Backward Thrust from Shell Gun has to be accommodated to prevent Strain on Wings
Drum, Magazine or Belt Feed used
TYPICAL SHELL GUN
Aircraft Shell, weight about 4 ozs.
Remote Control to Pilot
Cartridge
Explosive
Fuse
"CARIBOU" showing Tricycle Type Undercart in Landing Position
Air Intake to Supercharger
Supercharger
THE BELL "CARIBOU" (AIRACOBRA)
M.Gs. synchronized to fire through Propeller
1,150 H.P. Allison V-1710 Engine
Cooling Radiators
Shaft Drive to Propeller
Forward Leg of Undercart in Stowed Position
Geared Drive
37 mm. Shell Gun fires through Centre of Propeller Boss
Twin Tail-Booms
Cooling Radiators
Air Intake
THE LOCKHEED "LIGHTNING"
Wheel Type Steering
4 M.Gs.
1,150 H.P. Allison V-1710 Engine
1,150 H.P. Allison V-1710 Engine
Here the 23 mm. Shell Gun fires through

THE BELL "CARIBOU," known in the U.S.A. as the Bell P-39 Airacobra, is one of the latest types of single-seat fighter. A low-wing all-metal monoplane, it has a length of 29 ft. 9 ins. and a span of 34 ft. It has a gross weight of 6,662 lb., carries 140 gallons of fuel, has a maximum speed of 400 m.p.h. at 15,000 ft., and a range of nearly a thousand miles at a cruising speed of 335 m.p.h. An unusual feature of the design is that the Allison V-1710 engine is mounted amidships behind the pilot's cockpit and drives a Curtiss electrically-operated airscrew by way of an eight-foot shaft. This gives the pilot a very clear forward outlook. American workmen who are turning out this aircraft in ever-increasing numbers have nicknamed it the "tank buster."

THE LOCKHEED "LIGHTNING," another American single-seat fighter monoplane, is also of unusual design in that it has twin fuselages, each housing a 12-cylinder Allison V-1710 engine. The central streamlined nacelle accommodates the pilot's cockpit and mounts the armament in the nose. The length of this aircraft is 37 ft. 10 ins., and the span 52 ft. Top speed is given as 400 m.p.h. at 16,000 feet, and the maximum cruising range, with an overload of fuel, is over 1,000 miles at a cruising speed of 350 m.p.h. It is believed, however, that the latest Allison engines develop sufficient horse-power to give it a maximum speed of about 450 m.p.h. The Allison aero-engine with which both these aircraft are fitted is the only liquid-cooled high-powered engine from America at present in service with the R.A.F. It is used in the Curtiss Tomahawk (see Vol. 4, pp. 448, 487). The Lightning takes off very quickly and can climb at a rate of 2,860 feet a minute.

BOTH the Caribou and Lightning are well armed, being equipped with a shell-firing cannon and machine-guns of ·30 and ·50 calibre. The Caribou is stated to carry a greater amount of ammunition than any other single-engined fighter now in service. Its gun, which fires through the hub of the airscrew, can fire 120 shells a minute, explosive, armour-piercing or tracer. It has ·50 calibre heavy machine-guns housed in the nose, with a rate of fire of 850 per minute, and in the wings ·30 cal. machine-guns firing at 1,200 per minute. Each type has an undercarriage of the retractable tricycle pattern. These are considered to give maximum security on landing. The Allison V-1710, used in both aircraft, is said to be America's finest liquid-cooled aero-engine. Cooling is carried out with ethylene glycol by a pump driven off the back of the crankshaft.

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

My Visit to One of Moscow's A.A. Batteries

English A.R.P. experts on their return from Moscow paid high tribute to the efficiency of the Russian A.A. barrage, and here A. T. Cholerton, "Daily Telegraph" correspondent, tells of a visit to a typical battery in Moscow's outer line of defences.

Moscow's A.A. barrage proved the worth of patient planning and training over a number of years in the first raid on the capital, and went on improving during succeeding Alerts.

One day I was taken on a visit to a typical A.A. battery in the city's outer line of defence. I would like to have been there on the night when, firing 198 shells, they played their part in stopping what appeared to be a serious raid developing against the capital itself.

But it is true that one cannot really see much at an A.A. battery by night—one can only glimpse highly trained, eager men quietly handling their guns, detectors and predictors.

I visited this battery at high noon under the pure late summer sunlight. It is situated in the midst of a field of oats on a collective farm—one of those vast, flat Russian fields which make one know instinctively that Russia is a very big place indeed, going on for thousands of miles. Moscow's daylight fighter patrols droned in high key overhead, but the larks still sang joyously.

In that wide Russian field this cunningly concealed battery of guns of the latest type was as invisible from the air as the larks' nests.

Nor could it be seen from the ground until, when I had approached to within 50 yards, the gunners, by order of Lt. Boyarinoff commanding, poked out their noses from their lairs like so many young Russian bears ending their hibernation, and swiftly worked their guns.

The camouflage of this battery, their sound detecting and predictor instruments, their shell dumps, their underground rest posts, their dormitory and dining-rooms a little farther back and also underground, impressed me chiefly by their admirable simplicity. I cannot imagine a job more effectively or cheaply done.

Those guns and the equipment stirring them into precise, deadly fire spelt the costly output of the most modern technique. All the rest spelt the old frugal peasant wisdom.

The discipline and training of the men—many of them had served in 60 deg. of frost on the Finnish frontier or in the blinding sand of Outer Mongolia—appeared admirable.

We hear so much nowadays about the guerillas that we may sometimes forget this fact about the regular Russian Army in being. Lt. Boyarinoff's battery is so highly trained that its gunners do their job like one person. The men are justly proud because they have got four bombers already.

I saw good, clean bedding and plentiful tasty food in the well-built dug-outs. The men's dinner consisted of Ukrainian bortsch soup with meat in it, followed by pork chops and potatoes, washed down with *kvass*—a near beer made from black bread.

How We Sweep the Channel for Our Convoys

Shelled from the French coast, bombed and machine-gunned from the air, threatened by E-boats, the minesweeping trawlers daily clear the Channel for our convoys. Here is the story of a typical day's sweep.

THE long-range guns mounted on the French coast are shelling the harbour as our four minesweeping trawlers cast off and get under way for the day's sweep.

As we put to sea the shelling, directed by a German spotter plane overhead, follows us. Some of the shells are very wide; some are uncomfortably near. But the Channel must be swept clear of the mines for our convoys on the trade routes.

If we sweep successfully no praises will be sung; none are expected. If we are mined there will be a curt notice in the Press a few days later: "The Admiralty regrets to announce the loss of H.M. Minesweeping Trawler . . ."

The clear blue sky is combed with swirls of white exhaust in fantastic designs as our fighter aircraft dive in and out of the German formations. Twenty thousand feet up the Battle of Britain is being waged. At that great height it all seems infinitely slow; it is hard to realize that these microscopic dots are planes, twisting and turning in deadly combat at more than 300 miles an hour.

Now we have reached our allotted station, the trawlers have altered course, sweeps have been veered, and the day's work begins. In a short while the look-out man sights an aircraft shadowing us; we must expect trouble. Guns are manned and all eyes are turned skywards.

Soon the drone of engines is heard. The sky sounds to be full of planes, but our attention is held by a minute speck busy drawing a wide vapour circle directly above us. We know from experience that this means trouble. The bombers will fly over the circle and release their load in the centre.

The first formation rapidly approaches the circle. We are in an unenviable position; having sweeps out, we are unable to take violent evasive action. There is a shrieking roar as the first stick of bombs crashes into the sea a few cables astern, and this is followed by a veritable shower of bombs. We escape them all.

But the Germans are determined to stop our sweeping. The aero engines develop a venomous, whining howl as the second formation swings and dives to the attack. It is as if a swarm of locusts were descending on us as the sun glints on their dark green cowlings. The guns' crews hold their fire for what seems an eternity until the planes are within range; then the ship reels as the guns bark their defiance. Clouds of smoke and ladders of tracer bullets appear between ourselves and the planes, which swerve, bank steeply and climb away with machine-guns and cannon blazing. Our opposition has proved too much for them.

Towards midday the visibility worsens and a heat mist shrouds everything except the trawler immediately astern.

A signal is received from the last ship of the line that E-boats are in the vicinity.

This Russian multiple machine-gun is in operation by the side of a road, protecting advancing columns of troops from low-level attacks by enemy aircraft. Enemy dive-bombers have not had matters all their own way in Russia as they did during the 1940 campaign in the West.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

I WAS THERE!

While "surface action stations" is still sounding three sleek, grey, ghost-like shapes are discerned travelling very fast across our course. Almost instantly they are swallowed up in the mist ; had they seen us they would most certainly have attacked, as this is ideal weather for E-boats—when they can make a quick assault and disappear before the guns can be brought to bear.

For a while we are left in peace, but just when we are contemplating hauling in the sweep at the end of a good day's work, a grey seaplane of German type, marked with a Red Cross, alights a couple of cables ahead of us. Since Jerry has been found using such planes for reconnaissance and mine-laying, we have recently received orders to fire on them on sight, but as the guns are being trained suddenly, with engines shut off, two Messerschmitt 110s dive on us from opposite directions with cannon and machine-guns firing, raking our ship.

For what seems ages, though in reality only seconds, bullets fly in all directions ; the ship's guns let go with everything they have got, but the raiders have come and gone before accurate aim can be taken. Bridge, wheelhouse, decks, life-saving floats, life-boats, funnel and ventilators are left a mass of twisted iron and smouldering timber with the stench of gunfire. It seems impossible that anyone could have survived, but, apart from an officer slightly wounded, there are no casualties.

It is a battered sweeper that returns, but with a satisfied crew aboard who have defied bombs, machine-gun and cannon fire, E-boats and mines, and have cleared the Channel for convoys.—"*Daily Telegraph.*"

Yeoman of the signals, aboard a minesweeper, flashing instructions to other minesweepers. Top, a minesweeper steaming back to port.
Photos, Criterion Press and Lubinski

We Slipped Over to Have a Look at Calais

While the R.A.F. sweep the skies over Northern France, the Navy are sweeping the Channel right up to the German-occupied coast. Here is an account of a trip in one of the fast rescue-boats which come to the aid of airmen in distress.

DURING an air attack by the Fighter Command I was out in the Straits of Dover in one of the fast rescue boats which were on patrol, and I can testify that the narrow strip of water between ourselves and the Germans can still be truly described as the English Channel.

The two young sub-lieutenants in command of the fast motor-boats treated the adventure of crossing to the enemy-occupied coast as lightly as holiday-makers enjoying an afternoon outing in a pleasure boat.

"We'll just slip over and have a look at Calais," they said, when we were out in the Channel. Without another word they headed straight for the French coast at a rate of knots equal to 40 miles an hour.

These boats have a crew of only eight, including a radio operator, and a gunner who sits on a swivelling turret with a double-barrelled pom-pom for use against hostile aircraft. They are built for speed, and are no bigger than a fair-sized motor launch, but they raced towards the German-occupied coastline with all the assurance of battleships armed with 15-in. guns.

Saved from the sea, this sergeant-pilot of a Spitfire Squadron is being helped aboard the naval rescue launch after his machine had crashed in the Channel. A similar incident is described in this page.
Photo, Topical

Over the water we roared and bounced with our tiny white ensigns at the mast-heads, and a long trail of white foam in our wake, until the cliffs of England faded in the distance and the coast of France began to take shape.

Friendly British fighters passed overhead. The two sub-lieutenants exchanged messages with their flashing signalling lamps.

Nearer and nearer we came to the enemy coastline without a sign of activity on his part until we could see clearly the roofs of Calais, the chimneys of factories, and the cranes in the dock.

We swept along the coast within three or four miles of the German batteries. One of the crew stood perched on the tiny deck with his hands on his hips and a look expressive of complete boredom. "It gets ruddy monotonous," he complained. "Always the same ; nothing ever happens."

Four Messerschmitts came out to have a look at us as we were on our way back. Two took up a position from which they could dive at us out of the sun, while the two others made wide circles round us and seemed to be on the point of making an attack.

Suddenly they disappeared, and a few moments later the sky was filled with British fighters returning from a sweep.

We rescued one pilot shot down in that sweep. A protective screen of Spitfires came back with him as he glided towards the English coast, but he was losing height too rapidly to reach the coast. We saw him turn his Spitfire on its back and float down with his parachute into the sea.

As we raced towards him with the powerful engines of our speed boats going all out, one Spitfire circled over the spot where the pilot had come down. Within a few moments we had reached him squatting in his rubber dinghy. He was dazed but uninjured. By the time we had returned to our base, an ambulance was waiting and he was whisked off to hospital.—"*Evening Standard.*"

I WAS THERE!

We Sank a German Ship on Hitler's Doorstep

The Free French submarine Le Jour de Gloire, after sinking a German ship almost on Germany's doorstep, was crippled by depth-charges and had to spend three days on the surface in enemy waters. The story of this exploit is told here by the submarine's commander.

WHEN the crew of *Le Jour de Gloire* returned safely to their Scottish base, their British comrades were full of praise for their skill and bravery. In the words of a British officer, there has rarely been such a successful combination of "damned cheek and wonderful pluck and endurance."

Here is the Free French submarine commander's own story:

We were very deep into the Hun's own territory when we sighted a convoy. We picked the biggest ship, of about 4,000 tons, and let fly.

Eh bien! We hit her. She started sinking almost at once. But a sweeter sight to us was the panic and confusion among our enemy. There was a great scuttling to and fro. His ships dashed here and there.

Soon the escort vessels began to make things uncomfortable for us with their depth-charges. They shook our ship. We submerged, but could see the fun through our periscope. They hunted us for several hours, and we had to remain submerged for a considerable time before the coast was properly clear.

At one time an armed trawler passed quite close to us, but her captain, whom we could see plainly on the bridge, was so intent on peering ahead that he did not notice us on his port side, and we had a good laugh about that.

When they had given up the chase we surfaced. It was then quite dark. We did not realize we had been crippled until we tried to submerge again and found we could not. It was an uncomfortable discovery because we were so far into enemy waters.

Our batteries had been damaged, and when we surfaced quarters below deck had been filled with poison gas. We started to move off, but only very slowly and we had to repair the damage.

This was a tricky business because of the poison gases, but every member of the crew, wearing masks, took five-minute spells below. It was exhausting work. They had to be kept going by doses of aspirin, but they were always cheerful. We kept this up for two days and two nights until we were sighted on the third day by a British ship.

All the time we expected attack from the sea or the air, for throughout those two days we were in enemy waters. I do not know how we were not sighted and sunk. It would have been such an easy job for any ship or plane to make an end of us. We were indeed lucky.

Even during those two days men who were not working below sunbathed on the deck. Fortunately the weather held good and we were thankful when the British ship came along to escort us throughout our third day's surface ride.—"*News Chronicle.*"

Free French sailors of the submarine Le Jour de Gloire arriving back in Britain after the adventure related in this page.
Photo, "Daily Mail"

TWO YEARS OF AXIS AND BRITISH AIRCRAFT LOSSES

September 1939—September 1941

	AXIS			R.A.F.		
	1939	1940	1941	1939	1940	1941
Over Gt. Britain and shores	23	3,038	568	—	847	37
At Sea	6	27	5	—	—	—
Western Front	14	943	—	5	374	—
Scandinavian Campaign	—	56	—	—	55	—
Germany and Occupied Territory	20	45	625	26	349	959
Middle East	—	421	1,666	—	78	305
Royal Navy	3	241	319	—	—	—
Totals	66	4,771	3,183	31	1,703	1,301
Grand Totals		8,020			3,035	

Note.—German aircraft losses on the Russian front, in addition to those above, have been variously estimated at from 4,000 to 7,200, the latter figure being given by the Soviet Army organ "Red Star." Losses in the Middle East include many Italian planes. Net German losses may be estimated at not less than 11,000 and not more than 14,000.

I Was on the Bombed Steel Seafarer

Although she was not blacked out, and her markings must have been clearly visible in the moonlight, the American vessel Steel Seafarer was dive-bombed and sunk in the Red Sea on September 5, as described here by members of her crew.

WHEN 24 members of the crew of the Steel Seafarer arrived at an Egyptian port on board a vessel of the Royal Navy, the Seafarer's first officer, Mr. Ralph S. Pratt, gave a first-hand account of the sinking of his ship. He said:

The plane came over at 11.30 on Friday night Sept. 5. It dived down with its engines shut off, and opened the throttle with a roar when the bomb dropped. There were two explosions, in No. 5 oil tank and amidships. At the time we were steaming northwards and were not in convoy. The plane swooped over just between our masts. The bomb—or it may have been an aerial torpedo—seemed to hit and explode just under the water.

I was asleep at the time. The washstand fell down, and all the lights went off. Sliding into my slippers, I reached the bridge in thirty seconds. The plane had flown off. The ship was sinking rapidly with a list to starboard.

The Captain said: "We are hit aft." We got two of the port boats out and one starboard, which were sufficient for the crew. The first two boats got away in five minutes, the third in eight or maybe nine. There were slight injuries in getting into the boats, but none were serious. The Captain, myself, and one sailor, Robert Cartwright, stayed aboard until the decks were awash. The Seafarer went down in twenty minutes.

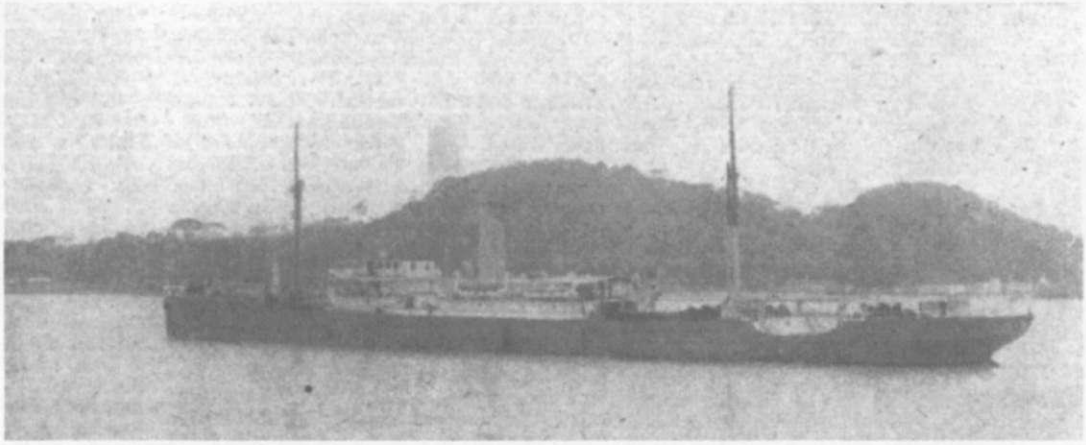
After twelve hours' rowing in a choppy sea we reached land at 11 o'clock next morning.

When we landed on the island the Egyptians were most helpful. They enabled us to send a signal giving our position and requesting another vessel to search for our missing boat.

The crew of a Royal Naval craft eventually picked us up. They gave us everything we wanted. The only thing I am sore about is that I had carried my money and my watch in my belt until the day of the attack, when I locked them up in a drawer, and have lost everything.

James Abernethy, the radio operator, who was one of the last to leave the ship, said:

The aerial crashed down and the emergency transmitter was put out of action. It was a miracle that no one was seriously hurt, although our quarters were a shambles, with chairs, radio sets, and dishes smashed by the force of the explosion.—*Reuter.*



STEEL SEAFARER, a U.S. merchantman, was sunk by a Nazi plane on Sept. 5 in the Red Sea. Some of the crew, after landing on an island, were picked up by a Royal Naval craft. The story is given in this page, and above is a photograph of Steel Scientist, sister ship to Steel Seafarer.
Photo by courtesy of Frank Bowen

Editor's Postscript

DURING my weekly toil in London I pass by a certain bomb crater at least four times a day. It is a legacy of a blitz in April, and I have already written about it, as the explosion produced not a ha'p'orth of damage to any of the buildings that stand no more than twenty feet from the centre of the hole! A month or two after the event the drains, gas-pipes, telephone wires and water-pipes had been repaired with what commercial people used to call "expedition and dispatch." But now for more than five months the street has been cluttered up while innumerable wagonloads of old rubble have been dug out and carted away and as many wagonloads of new material brought back (I can't guess why) to fill in the hole, which by digging (for Victory?) down and along gradually extended lengthwise to about twenty times its original dimensions, electric drills doing their soul-shattering share in the agonizing process for many weeks.

BUT more usually, as I have passed by any time in the last four months, ten or a dozen men armed with pick and shovel have been engaged upon the titanic task of filling up this originally modest and unassuming crater. I wish to put it on record that not once in all that time have I seen these "workers of the world unite" in digging or shovelling; on every occasion the majority of them have been leaning languorously on their pick or shovel, lighting cigarettes, or blandly discussing matters of power politics—or beer. I have even seen some of the younger men taking their ease stretched out on a plank down in the ever-yawning hole . . . and not at dinner-time, either! I fancy that this happy little band of brothers (one of whom in the early days of their joyous occupation used to entertain his fellow-toilers by imitating with noteworthy skill the noise of a whistling bomb) may here have found that "better 'ole" of Old Bill's derision and are loath to leave it. But the net result is the traffic of a once busy street is slowed down for months (it will take another fortnight from now to put on the finishing touches) which with ordinary energy and organization might have been its old self again by the end of June. If the repairing of ruined London were to proceed at this snail's speed—even should not another bomb drop on it—those in their twenties now will be well into the sixties when the job is done.

MY first introduction to Yoga dates back half a century, on a day when my friend Acton Bond and I cycled from Birmingham to Stratford-on-Avon to see a performance in the old Memorial Theatre. Acton Bond has spent most of his long life in the service of Shakespearian drama, and not much of it, I suspect, in perfecting himself as a Yogi. Strange that the other afternoon, when we chanced to meet at Victoria, among the books I was taking home for my week-end study was "The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga," by Dr. Paul Brunton! So little time had I given to the study of Yoga, in all these years (though I have talked to an English Yogi about his philosophy), that I am still somewhat distant from its "hidden teaching," and I doubt if the enthusiast of fifty years ago has made any closer approach, as I cannot recall in any of our hundreds of subsequent meetings ever seriously discussing this system of Hindu philosophy with him.

AS it is, I fear I shall now go down to the tomb or the crematorium without its innermost secrets being revealed to me, for my week-end has been clouded by wading through Dr. Brunton's massive tome of 150,000 words on the vainest of quests. Such prolixity, such loquacity, I have seldom encountered in any book. I am told with a great fluency of phrase a multitude of things familiar to all students of science and philosophy, things that I know as well as Dr. Brunton, and nearly all which I have already been responsible for publishing in works I have edited (e.g. "The Encyclopedia of Modern Knowledge"), but devil a trace can I find of that hidden teaching, and when, arriving near the end of the wordy work, I read: "Hence if we must close this study with the questions, 'What is thought?' and 'What is mind?' regretfully left unanswered, that is because those answers belong to the further and final stage of our journey, which not merely the necessities of space and the compulsions of time bid us reserve for a later volume, but other reasons which are more important still," I can only say in the immortal words of Sam Goldwyn that in any further stage of that journey Dr. Brunton can "include me out."

VOROSHILOV, C.-in-C. of the Russian Northern Army, whose heroic defence of Leningrad is one of the greatest episodes of the war. "Take up your arms and defend the city at all costs," he told the people. *Photo, Planet News*

AS a contrast I have just read "The Myth of the Mind," by Frank Kenyon, which in some 20,000 words presents a crystal-clear treatise on the thesis that the mind is essentially a function of the brain and not an abstract something that exists apart from it and persists somewhere in space after death. Not that I subscribe to all Mr. Kenyon's opinions, but his little book is a model of clean-cut expression and clear thinking, free from all the pretentious jargon and mushy phrasing in which so many of our writers on philosophic subjects love to splurge. I suggest the hidden teaching of Yoga might be summed up into half a dozen words: "Mind is all, the body nothing." For myself a good enough ideal is supplied by one's earliest Latin tag: "mens sana in corpore sano."

THUS a confident but not-too-well-informed critic of mine who writes purely for my private instruction, bless him, not for publication:

"Regarding your reference to Scottish language in a current issue, may I state that Gaelic is *the only* Scottish language. What you quote is merely a Lowland Scottish dialect of English."

He may not state anything of the kind; but there are thousands of Englishmen who, never having bothered to inform themselves, would imagine him to be right. The subject is too large to discuss here, but I may tell him that the Scots language (of which a monumental dictionary has been in preparation for some years now) has closer affinities with Early English than Modern English. If the smart Alec who puts me on the mat would condescend to spend half an hour with my "Universal Encyclopedia" he would learn a good deal about Gaelic and the Scots language, of which he stands in need, and another half-hour with Jamieson's massive "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language" would be instructive, if he could get a look at it in his local library.

AS I have just been dealing with one critic, I may as well mention another, a youthful reader who takes me to task for attempting to mitigate our paper shortage by utilizing the outer pages of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED for pictures and reading matter, and then "disfiguring" one page with (as I think) a very unobtrusive announcement which will "spoil his book." He doesn't think my own notes worth keeping—an opinion I should not attempt to dispute—but by the same post I received a letter from a young New Zealander enclosing a Postal Order for half-a-crown (!) with the request to send him the *wrapper pages only* of an early number, as he binds these for the sake of my "Jottings"! The wrapper of this particular number had been spoilt, but the inner pages were intact. Well, "it takes all sorts"—as we all know.

IS this the very latest addition to the comic lore of the evacuee? Two East End mothers discussing probable duration of War: "Well, I seen it said that it may go on for thirty years." "'Eavens above! Why, our little Albert would be forty-two when he came 'ome from Wales!"

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Printed in England and published on the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.: and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. September 30, 1941. S.S.